

SEPTEMBER 1972

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE



50¢

# Maclean's

Canada first, Trudeau second by Walter Gordon  
Robertson Davies on Sex and Sainthood  
The Storming of the World by Bruce Hutchison



Adrienne Clarkson: Scrutinizing the inscrutable



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## THE VIEW FROM HERE

### A Few Words About The Future: Will We Have One?

BY PETER C. NEWMAN

Bruce Hutchinson's conscientious-shifting  
article, which begins on page 27 of this  
issue, is a timely and instructive reminder  
that the establishment of a desirable hu-  
man environment involves much more  
than the simple management of natural  
resources and the control of forces that  
threaten the biological balance. As Bruce  
Hutchinson has pointed out: "Man not  
only survives and flourishes in his envi-  
ronment, he shapes it and is shaped by  
it." That implies an ideological dimen-  
sion to the battle against pollution which  
lurks in various guises when Bruce Hutchinson  
calls "the re-  
new economic structure and political foundation on which all  
our societies are built." The idea that our very survival  
requires a long period of limited economic growth seems  
the most, if not the only, way to achieve what he writes: "Beside  
this prospect, all past resolutions, from ancient Egypt to mod-  
ern Chernobyl, are but footprints on the map of history."  
But we can glimpse the possibility of the end of economic growth  
even more than the living assumptions and, in effect, de-  
cided, almost everything he has been saying."

A reorientation of this paradigm will begin to come about  
only if we take some dramatic action to save our own corner  
of the earth, if we start moving away from the liberal laissez-faire  
policy which has brought us to this point, if we begin to  
reject the paradigm of economic growth which has perpetuated  
the dimensions of our colonial subordination along Ottawa's cor-  
ridor of power. More specifically, if we dig in our heels over the  
U.S. scheme to bring Alaska oil down the British Columbia  
coast to the large refinery at Cherry Point near Bellingham.  
Washington. When that project is fully operational, by 1975, at  
least one U.S. super-tanker will be using the coast every five  
days, and each ship will carry 120,000 tons of crude oil. (By  
contrast, the 10,000 tons of tanker oil that spilled out of the  
Libertian tanker Arrow in February, 1970, fouled 75 miles of  
the Nova Scotia shoreline. It cost three million dollars to clean  
up, excluding the considerable long-term damage suffered by  
the animals and residents of the area.) To reach the Cherry  
Point refinery, these lumbering, monstrous hulks have to pass  
through the straits 15-mile-wide Juan de Fuca Strait already

crowded with 1,500 ocean-going ships  
per year. The super-tankers are hard  
to control: it takes 30 minutes and five  
nauties to bring one of these ships to a  
dead halt from a cruising speed of 17  
knots. A study done for the Canadian  
government by Howard Pritch & Associates  
recently estimated that there is a 50%  
mathematical certainty of a super-tanker  
spill at least once every 36 years. Last  
June 8, when one of a tanker's valves  
was accidentally left open near Cherry  
Point for only four seconds, 12,000 gal-  
lons of oil poured out onto the beaches of B.C. There is nothing  
theoretical about this pollution threat. The U.S. govern-  
ment recently approved a \$660-million shipbuilding program  
(for which it is underwriting 45% of the costs) that includes  
construction of three 263,000-ton tankers.

So here we have an ecological time bomb and there is only  
one way to defuse it. The Trudeau government must reply to  
both the east and west coasts the tough legislation it drafted  
and recently proclaimed for the Arctic, which bans for  
Canada a 100-mile zone for the purposes of pollution control.  
The quiet diplomats who inhabit our External Affairs depart-  
ment will no doubt be horrified by the very notion of such legisla-  
tion, though they spoke out bravely enough at Stockholm's  
II Conference on the Human Environment, where dis-  
cussions were based on general principles. At next year's Law  
of the Sea Conference Canada must insist that coastal states  
gain the legal power to deal with polluters in international waters.  
If that approach fails, we should unilaterally declare our  
sovereignty (for pollution purposes) over the access routes to the  
Cherry Point refinery. There is, after all, nothing to stop  
the Americans from loading their oil tanker down their own  
coast and piping it into Bellingham. That way they can feel  
their own beaches instead of ours.

If we fail to handle this one relatively minor problem, we  
have no hope of ever tackling the larger issue, the eradication  
of the external aspects of our whole way of life. The funda-  
mental reworking of the growth-paradox equation. As Bruce  
Hutchinson so rightly says in his article: "The next ahead of us  
is not a test of our social apparatus, but of ourselves." ■

## MICLEAN 8

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BY ANN CHARNEY

Pauline Julien is one of Quebec's superstars. Her name evokes reactions that go far beyond the usual kind of consensus made about singers. Her outspoken political beliefs, her public acts of solidarity, her impassioned singing during the October 1970 Quebec crisis, have all helped create the myth of an enigmatic, talented, seductive, intense and confident, she has managed to charm and attract more people than any other Quebec entertainer. Pauline Julien incarnates both the attractiveness and the aggressiveness that many English-Canadian associate with French Canada.

The life she leads today has none of the connotations of glamour or passion that one might expect her to succumb to. Her lives in a simple flat in the centre of Montreal. Her phone number is listed under her name. Inside the flat there is no hint of chaos or preoccupation with "style". The furniture is comfortable but austere; one's eyes glide over it to the masses of books piled everywhere on shelves, in boxes, on the floor. Color and decoration come from the work of



Pauline Julien

## A Strong Voice From The Guts Of French Canada

her children, from the work of some friends, from the political posters and historical engravings that hang on the walls.

Pauline herself is the most vibrant axis of order in the flat. The moment she arrives the place begins to vibrate. Shelves are moved, windows opened to the street. The telephone begins to ring, and the gaps in and out of rooms where voices answer her. Suddenly the flat is filled with life.

"When people talk to me of my reputation, my image," she says, "I know that it exists but I don't feel that it has anything to do with me. I've always done what I wanted. What I had to do. I never think of myself as a public figure. In 1964, for example, when I refused to sing for the Quebec, my private sense of a long personal evolution. Many other Quebecers in my place would have done the same."

Pauline's long evolution began in Trois Rivières, where she was born into a middle class family. The last of 11 children. It continued in Quebec and Montreal where she is raised writing and discovering, shaping herself as a writer and as an actor. "Oh, the want to. I went to Paris to continue her studies. She stayed there for eight years, and it was in France that her first professional and political breakthroughs occurred. "I was raised under De Gaulle, in a very traditional atmosphere. It was only in Paris that I began to be politicized. Not in the Quebec situation but to opposition in general. When I returned in 1965, I was very young and had taken place and I was ready to understand the political dilemma of Quebec. The same thing was happening to a lot of other people. It was a collective awakening."

She returned to Quebec an accomplished and acclaimed artist. Her reputation at the time had also inspired the words of Benoit Brindley and René Lévesque. Very quickly, however, the friend himself drove to the songs being written in Quebec. It was the who she was popularized, both abroad and in Canada, the words of Gilles Vigneault, Georges Doy and others. Today she performs only Quebecois songs. "In recent years I have found myself more and more comfortable with Quebecois lyrics as opposed to American lyrics because it's almost as if I need to be to sing Quebecois songs. We have had a rich explosion of talent. A sense of social and political urgency has led artists to create works that seek out a national identity and probe our cultural roots. There's no need for me to look for material elsewhere."

Pauline's new record, *Les mille et une fois, pour dire à la suite de...* (In the middle of my life, perhaps on the eve of

its) is an impressive justification of her beliefs. The lyrics she sings have been written for her by some of Quebec's finest writers: Remy Desjardins, Michel Tremblay, Jean-Claude Gauthier. There are also several songs she wrote herself. They are revealing of the kind of intelligence, awareness and courage that are quickly perceived in a personal encounter. In these songs, the main themes of her life are clearly rendered: compassion, a strong political conscience, the refusal to live according to socially acceptable rules, and a constant and recurring faith in love.

It is interesting and characteristic of her that she has been able to maintain an increasing attachment to the feminist struggle with her continuing faith in romantic love. She speaks of relations between men and women with the ardor of an adolescent girl. Not a momentary adolescent, to be sure, but the kind that enters schools and "girls'" novels once bred. With Pauline, this attitude becomes another mark of her individuality. "It has taken me a long time to

discover that some of my personal problems were common to all women in Quebec. You know, when I was a girl, a woman's life was over at 40. To see someone over 40 living would have seemed ridiculous. Today we have passed another 10 years. But I would like to see it extended. Everyone should have the right to feel alive, to be loved as long as they live. I think women should keep being passive in love, or should they be subverted by age differences?

In her own life, Pauline is trying to work for the liberation of women, for Quebec independence, and for a secular Quebec. But she has no illusions that the attainment of any one of these goals will necessarily bring about the realization of the other two. "We are still a small people. We are afraid of women and women want for them to take the first step. Politically, it's hard, too. People are afraid. There is a lot of repression. Yet when De Gaulle came here, and institutions and private customs were language for a moment, it was as if Quebec answered with a unanimous cry. Change always comes through a minority that pulls the rest along."

The weight of her imprisonment during the War Measures Act comes up and resurges throughout our conversation. Yet she speaks of it with no dramatic bitterness. "Being in prison for eight days is not the worst thing that can happen. It helped me to realize that, as it did so many others. In my case, I had that they may very well be worse experience here in the future. Of course, when I got out, it was very difficult for me to get work. People were afraid to hire me. In one school where I was supposed to sing, the director accused me of being a member of the FLQ. Slowly I picked up, however, especially after my success at Place des Arts in Montreal. Now, I'm working regularly."

One moment Pauline Julien speaks of her enormous racism during her last concert tour in France: the next, with equal enthusiasm, she is describing the political science, history and sociology courses she is taking at the University of Quebec in Montreal where, for the last four years, she has been a student. "I think of all that I want to do in the future, politically, as an artist, as a woman. There's no truth more that I want to learn of I want to make my progress in these fields. For me, none of it is separate. Each one of these roles nourishes the others. How well will it succeed? I don't know. In any case I'm too involved with the present to worry about the future." ■

Ann Charney is a Montreal free-lance writer.



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BY BARBIE ZWICKER



Bill Davis

## Some Vision Where Others Have None

More and more, Canadians are realizing that this country is not only being bled economically but has been plundered to its knees by foreign banks, magazines and films. Surprisingly, few of these Canadians are political leaders, and the most conspicuous among them is Ontario Premier Bill Davis. Davis is a nationalist. But his nationalism is the idea reshaped by the powerful economic forces that shape his mandate. Whether Davis will gain control of these forces is at stake in the election to the whole country. If Davis fails, our fate is all but set in stone.

Understanding the nationalism of Bill Davis requires some understanding of the man, his party and Ontario's economy.

The party is last challenging. It consists of old ideas, young leaders and a lot of rich people willing to contribute millions to run the *Big Blue Machine* this year. Ontario Tories far more than a quarter of a century. The party is as no person to question Davis. Besides, his car is always available to the cops, both the big ones and the little ones of the party machine.

This recently unveiled capacity to listen is perhaps the greatest asset of Davis. When he was Ontario's Education Minister (a job he held eight and a half years) and I was an education reporter for a daily newspaper, I needed to ask every opportunity to listen to students, teachers and officials. More important, the people he listened to came away with the impression he had heard them. A fairly rare occurrence in politics.

With the exception of the occasional ineffective Tory imposition of the "fresh of socialism" Davis avoids labels and slogans. He will act with expediency but not often. I think, opportunistically. In short, he is quite the opposite of Pierre Elliott Trudeau.

Trudeau's nationalism is no moderate or border-line position. He attempts to win this by changing those who feel it's too little with benign criticism. Davis is a true moderate. His steps are deliberate, but he takes them. "Davis is a moderate person and there will be critics on both sides of the fence," says one of his closest advisers, Davis said earlier this year. But there is a perseverance and generosity in Davis' nationalism. That it is not democratic, characteristics of the man. His notes are eloquent, without apology. "Apart from the emotional reason," Davis says, "there are cultural and economic reasons for nationalism. The two are related and I wouldn't want to attach greater priority to one or the other. We must assert ourselves more. We must be pragmatic. We can't close down. We can't inhibit the economy. People might become bored with this. That worries me. It won't be accomplished overnight."

But he isn't all pragmatism. Since he won the Tory leadership in early last year, Davis has:

- Stated one McClelland and Stewart Limited, which has been a Canadian publishing house was in danger of an American take-over.
- Eliminated university fees that had encouraged foreign-owned industries to locate in slow-growth areas.
- Introduced for first time a law to become effective October 1977 requiring at least 50% of the decision of provincially controlled companies to be Canadian.
- Announced he would establish an investment capital information service for Ontario companies and residents.
- Gave \$640,000 aid to northern Ontario businesses to provide a second network of Canadian television pro-

gramming in the Thunder Bay area. ■ Closed the door on further acquisition by foreign interests of pulp and paper and petrochemical companies. This has and other Davis actions fail to impress his political base. They contrast a misdirection of such a sensitive and beguiling variety as hardly to be dignified by the name nationalism at all — according to Ontario NDP leader Stephen Leves.

Others welcome it. "Davis is in tune with the national picture," says Barbara Deplato, executive director of the parliament Committee for an Independent Canada. As an instance, she notes that the Kingston, BC, branch of the committee adopted the report of the Disindependent Task Force on Foreign Investment in Stikine/Nanaimo area in 1976 over the erosion of Canada's independence.

The cultural expression of Davis' nationalism, production. This year he has to his days as Education Minister when he introduced Circular 14, the list of approved textbooks for Ontario schools which has a heavy leaning on the Ontario textbook industry. He pushed through a Canadian studies program and increased educational television, which now sells Ontario culture abroad. The Davis conviction that Canadians need to assert themselves more is undoubtedly genuine.

His economic nationalism on the other hand is less directed on a conviction. He warns that foreign ownership in Ontario's economy is at a level of 70% like increases his "five fundamental elements" for a Canadian economic policy. But he moves only gingerly in this area. He talks of the "give ups" on mining, foreign investment, price caps that cloak the sufficient profits being followed by his own government.

Asked which segments of Ontario are least enthusiastic about his nationalist measures, Davis replies, "Some of the sophisticated elements of the business community. They say capital doesn't really know nationalist boundaries." How far can Davis go when the bulk of his campaign funds come from financial investment and big corporations?

The federal Tory leadership might be an obvious plan for Davis, and a fairly strong nationalist position might be one way to go there. But Davis is not leaving on "I got my hands full," he says. "I'm not leaving. If I should ever step down there would doubt that a man who takes a real stand on a strictly issue will look good as a successor. But Davis — stressed point Davis — is certainly aware of this.

Davis' remarkable political acumen and across-the-board strategy might enable him to start restructuring key sectors of Ontario's economy. But the signs are he may only talk with the cash register while making some really significant strides in cultural areas. His response to forthcoming recommendations of the Select Committee on Economic and Cultural Nationalism, which he convened, will likely reveal his attitude more clearly. Davis gave the committee almost unrestricted terms of reference. According to some observers the committee — at this moment in Europe studying approaches to foreign investment problems — may settle the value with its recommendations.

Davis' nationalist could well be tested by these recommendations. But until then, he is still the closest thing to a real nationalist in this warring country can look to among its top political leaders. ■

Barbie Zwickler teaches journalism at the Western Journalism Institute.

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Our son has been with the RCMP for 35 years and we are proud of him. You really annoyed yourselves trying to sabotage another Canadian tradition.  
HILDA M. HADFIELD, SCARBOROUGH, ONT.

Like Ramsey, I am an ex-member of the RCMP. I served for a period of approximately eight years before purchasing my discharge to enter the free-enterprise system. It is my opinion that anyone serving in an organization for a period of eight years in 14 years could probably gather enough information to be devastating. The question I ask, and what I feel any serious-minded reader must ask — "Is the information I have indicative of what really occurs or is it merely a collection of 'apparent examples'?" My response to this question in reference to Ramsey's article is that it confirms more to a collection of typical examples.

B.R. MENDON, CALGARY

Before to Marleau's wife to ex-Corporal Jack Ramsey for having the courage to stand up and warn Canadians about the state of their national police force? Although quite a few people may be interested in the article, it has just as many supporters among those who love Canada enough to see what's wrong with it. Please keep on informing Canadians as to what's really going on in our country.

MARY KEMNER, ST. LAMBERT, QUE.

The article submitted by ex-Corporal Jack Ramsey is nothing more than a tissue of lies, sprinkled with half-truths. He has served under hundreds of officers and senior NCOs and yet not know the smallest measure of fear faces any one of them.

Ramsey deals with the minds of the usual know-it-all personally supervised the

investigation into all aspects of this death. There was no money missing from the contingency fund. He writes of the "treacherous, Communist Officer who got rid of some senior men who were alcoholics." Yet, he claims there was no policy or program for dealing with such men. There was. It was used. It was my personal privilege to have served under this treacherous Commanding Officer and a better officer and their conduct never existed. In addition to being a traitor, he had many other virtues.

There is no room in the force for those who are physically, mentally or morally weak. I have acted in the police Service Court both as prosecutor and counsel for the defense. The accused gets a fair trial. Sometimes I thought it was a bit too fair and the accused always too loudly dealt with.  
P. J. PICK, STAFFORD HILL, WEST MARIHILL, ONT.

Thank goodness there is one person like you that is willing to speak the truth, and God bless you, Mr. Jack Ramsey who has guts enough to put it on paper. I hope you folks and also Solicitor-General Goyer get to crack mail about this important subject that something is done about it. If our country loses respect for the police force I hope to think what would happen at the future.  
MRS. JOHN MATTHEWS, INGLEDALE CENTRE, ONT.

I think Canada should give Jack Ramsey a medal for patriotism. His article on the Miwases was brave, thorough, and showed a deep concern for the basic principles we all hold dear — honor, truth and justice for all.

Now that we know what thinking people have suspected for years, let us hope that a card for these ill will be found so that all countries can respect and admire the Miwases, whether they are in red coats, uniforms or handwoven.

We love our Miwases' "image," but if there is no matter, where is the image?  
MRS. G. STANLEY, KICHINO, BC.

As a child, and then as an adult, I adored the scarlet tunic, blue breeches with the wide yellow stripes and the glossy high boots. Now I am told that the spit and polish belied the man. Since 1969, the image has evolved in the minds and hearts of almost every Canadian child to something to live up to, something to show respect to and express admiration for. In one short article you have shined the image and crushed the ideal.  
REBECCA D. CHAPMAN, KICHINO, ONT.

Although I'm presently stationed several hundred miles away from the town Ramsey was writing about in his story, I was raised near the two moderns he describes. Reading his version got me exactly how it happened and, in fact, sent it down for the reading public. The truth of the incident problem of the RCMP and the events Ramsey describes are the kind of facts, and any individual who disbelieves these obviously has no real knowledge of the day-to-day life of a detachment Mounted Policeman.

I am a member who has never had any disciplinary action taken against him and has confided to the world over the years to please my superior. But just how much longer does our leader in Ottawa believe we can hold up our image, while he treats us like juveniles?  
NAME AND ADDRESS WITHHELD.

Congratulations to Jack Ramsey. As an ex-member, I can really appreciate what he is trying to say. There will be a lot of good thinking in some circles for people who protect the democratic system. The RCMP has the most under-estimated system possible. The world owes it a person.  
EX-CORPORAL J. A. HESTY, OTTAWA.

Congratulations for having the guts to print what should have been printed years ago, and to Jack Ramsey for writing a most enlightening article. Strip the present military system and update the whole deal.  
DRE, GLENNFORD MD, SALMON ARM, BC.

Ex-Corporal Jack Ramsey's story will win him great popularity amongst law-breakers, from young teenagers who want to drink under age to bank robbers, drug addicts, murderers, etc. Marleau has done Canada a lot of harm. I won't be renewing my subscription unless you publish a story from the other side or send me a year's free subscription. I'm positively sick at my stomach.  
J. D. WYMAN, CALGARY, AL.



## OUR COUNTRY, CANADA

### Reflections

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*Canada Where people can always put their own price on things they treasure A country crafted with honesty and simplicity Where we can look ahead with optimism generated by the rich history that went before*

*Our country, Canada A community of people, cultures and ideals holding to a common pride Together, it is ours to keep and to build*

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# HARRY J. BOYLE'S CANADA

Get back to where you once belonged

For many years I held an almost mystical belief about The Oldwest Country by Bruce Humberstone. He had caught the spirit, ting and essence of Canadians speaking against the backdrop of their individual environment.

But they were sheltered and sheltered. Despite wandering as a boy, wartime airbase and contemporary travel had broken these bonds. Canadians moved easily and as they moved they were learning to know the difference between the Atlantic-pinkish rock of Peggy's Cove and the sensual Pacific fathom poked on Ambleside Beach in West Vancouver.

That's why I wanted to try and capture what it was like for a boy growing up in a prairie town. The boy, Shane Demoreux, in my novel, is now, like countless emigrant Canadians, searching to make life for an answer. He is assailed by the rigorous monotony of the too often unchallenged monotony of looking out, of being a native of an unknown territory — of somehow having an inadequacy in the face of an American solitariness.

Shane finds aspects of the U.S.A. no more relevant than the endless procession of villages stretching back to "Ranch For A Lady." His search begins in Toronto, proceeds to New York and Mexico, but is haunted by an inner urge for the geographical attraction from Newfoundland outpost to Vancouver Island's Tofino. Yet, it comes reluctantly back to the mythical towns of Norwich, Saskatchewan, and the prairie and his family with their inherent prejudices against farms they associated with the culture of those who somehow cross their ancestors from the plains, farms and dairy (admittedly sometimes of some dubious quality) called the Old Country. That fragment from my novel in-

cludes what I mean. "In places or in time, Shane often felt as if moving was the norm of his life. That wasn't true because back of it were those early years of boyhood imprisonment in the dusty dreariness of Norwich, Saskatchewan. No matter what he did, part of him was chained to that staid and unimpassioned memory. He shared it with an entire generation in North America.

"His mistakes were shared by generations of Anglo-Saxon youths, who were slowly aware of their place in society. Only the extremely gifted subverted provincialism. Politicians were made but with gifts. Artists were delirious and bohemian.

"An agonized background dominated the Demoreux and the Kesteven on the national side. There was a mystical hatred of the English, based on legendary stories of the painful famine and associated vaguely with Anglicans and the monarchy. Even royal prejudice was tempered. Now and again there would be a 'disaster' one. Like the Prince of Wales who had a sudden visit to ranch in Alberta. From Shane's earliest concepts he was aware of the substance to the outside world he yearned for.

"Books are all right for people who understand them, but a little knowledge can be a dangerous thing."

"His father opposed books.

"I've seen too many people who got their minds dredged on books."

"He constantly generalized his statements with the story of the Ontario community where he was born, and the man who had books.

"I'm telling you he didn't even do his work. Miscalculation adding one year because he brought a lot of second-hand books. Just not there in the house — waiting. Bloody useless that's what he was."

"Shane's brothers rioted with laughter. They lacked an interest in basic knowledge. Pat was already becoming a minor mechanic. Mike had his obsession for the railroad, in spite of the lesson of

his father's occasional work. The railroad was there, a solid fact in reality and fact and nature and rolling stock — and there could be nothing else but a cornucopia for it — and the Demoreux.

"Shane hated the railroad and the way it bound him — and his family. The fact that cars and west — shining rails followed a place where the sky and prairie met — and he felt they should walk one way or the other and discover what was behind the place of sky meeting the land. The hope and faith of his father in the railway created him.

"And there was always the wind! He was affected deeply by the wind. It could be a hot night or a freezing night or a black rainy night when the wind danced across the flat land — there never seemed to be anything between the house and the North Pole but the disconnected wind.

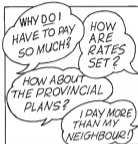
"Other things in his memory were tinged with loneliness. Sleepless men were replaced by his father, who had come to him to walk on a path of life. Lights — a searchlight or a stab of a headlight at night on a quiet road — would send his mind back to the immemorial from that road by with a whodunnit dream for everything along the way. The summer occurred to a thinking, a pondering, and then they flicked by like monster speeding snakes, their stinking headlights poking into the black night. And they left a vision that gripped at his heart.

"They stretched in a hiker's gaiting way on frosty nights and they were swayed breathily monotonous on summer nights and always in that wake there came the lonely realization that they were going from some place to some place and Shane was fixed and alone in a nowhere that was in between for them and not important enough to make them stop. There was a difference by day when the pale thoughts with their wings of bonum moved along. They moved like friendly (or perhaps) ground snuffing

(continued on page 51)



# Why do you have to pay so much for automobile insurance?



About a year ago, Travelers of Canada launched an advertising campaign that we hoped would help open up a dialogue between ourselves and the Canadian public. Because we knew you were often confused about what insurance companies do and how they operate.

We established an Office of Consumer Information. And asked you to write us or to call collect on a special direct line to our Toronto Head Office.

You wrote! And you called! As a matter of fact we got hundreds of calls. Surprisingly few gripes. But all sorts of questions.

Many concerned themselves with the high cost of auto insurance. "Why do we have to pay so much for it?" "How are the rates set?" "Why do some people have to pay more than others?"

"What kind of profit do you make on auto insurance?" "Don't you earn extra by investing premium dollars?" "Wouldn't it be better for us

to buy direct from our Provincial government as is the case in Saskatchewan and Manitoba?"

All these. And more. Too many to answer practically and fully in an advertisement like this.

So we have put together a simple little leaflet written in language a non-insurance expert can understand. It gives you as straightforward and unbiased information on the cost of auto insurance as we can assemble. And we're asking, if you are interested, to write or make a collect call to our Travelers Office of Consumer Information for your copy. We promise that no one will call on you to sell you anything.

For this, or any other insurance related question you might have, please call us collect weekdays between 8:30 and 4:30 Eastern Time

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Or write, if you prefer, to Travelers Office of Consumer Information, 400 University Avenue, Toronto 100, Ontario



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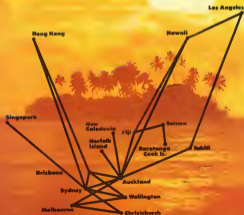
You'll meet our magic hands all through our flight. Taste them in the drinks our stewards bring you. And savor them in the food we serve, like Chicken Moores and Canterbury lamb. Even feel them in the natural lamb's wool that covers our first class seats.

Hawaii, Samoa, Fiji, where the world's day begins. And Captain Cook's "beloved" Tahiti.

New Zealand, land of forests and geysers and warm people. And Australia, the last frontier.

Our South Pacific. Come on your own. Or on the best tours around. Call us. Or BOAC, our sales agent. Or your travel agent.

**AIR NEW ZEALAND**   
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Just what  
the light drinker  
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We blended it, and mellowed it, and saved it for the light drinker. Then we put it in a bottle that's as right for the times as the whisky is. Looks like there are more light drinkers than we thought.



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Canadian Whisky by Gilbey.

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Bandwidth in 18K Gold Filled \$12.95 Stainless steel \$9.95  
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## INSIDE MACLEAN'S

Writing good writing is a profoundly unsexy act. The communication is lost between the writer and himself, then between the writer and his piece of writing — and finally between the writer and his audience.

The first function of an editor is to make sure of the best connection to provide a preliminary assurance to cut down the barrier between the writer and the people for whom he is writing.

So good editing is a social art. A fine writer must be in touch with his writer, with his audience and with himself. There are other parts to the job of course — coming up with ideas, assigning their writing times and tag lines for the photographs — but that is the guts of it, working with writers, feeling.

Maclean's associate editor Don Obe is as good at this very complicated process as anybody in Canada.

In the early 1970s, a stout, strong-looking guy who sometimes wears a tie and sometimes doesn't and plays softball, Obe started out working for a small Ontario newspaper after a journalism course at the Ryerson in Toronto, went on to the Vancouver Sun, moved to the Toronto Telegram for five years as a reporter and an editor, took a year out to live and write in Spain in 1965 and then returned to Canada to freelance and look around. He became assistant managing editor at the Canadian magazine in 1969 and joined Maclean's in 1971.

Those are the formative years. Obe is a man who lives something beyond himself. He does important things, perhaps are that he grew up in Brampton, Ontario, that he is married to Sheila Gormley, one of the best reporters in the country (now working at the Toronto Star), that he has one child, that he buys paintings by people he likes, and that he spent time as a clerk in a supermarket, as a biologist and as a counter-espionage expert.

Don Obe is a good editor because he has put all that together as a human being. He is skilful, accessible, open, honest, and that's because he is himself, a man who believes that his writers can do it.

There is a reproduction of an article on the craft of journalism printed up on the bulletin board at Don Obe's wall. The headline is a quotation from James Redden: "To be a honest man and a good writer." That is what Don Obe wants to be, and so and that is why he writes that way.

He is a man to be respected. A man who helps his writers say what they want to say as honestly as he can, and in that he keeps his own honor and is good at doing what he does. ■

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it demands to be called Deluxe.

## Gordon's Deluxe Vodka.



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Super-X...the original long-range load.  
Duck Load...for higher velocity.  
Upland shells...for smaller game.



**Super-X, the original long range load:** This unmatched high velocity brand was specifically developed to reach the high fliers with extra power, extra pattern and extra range. Since it was introduced in 1922, Super-X has gained a position as the most famous brand of ammunition you can buy. Super-X did it the hard way. By word of mouth, or performance alone. Hunters everywhere have come to depend on the extra edge they get with Super-X for bringing down strong flying ducks and geese. With its shorter shot string, Super-X puts maximum charges of hard, round shot on the bird. And with clean-burning powder and priming, you never have to worry about bore corrosion from Super-X.

with Super-X for bringing down strong flying ducks and geese. With its shorter shot string, Super-X puts maximum charges of hard, round shot on the bird. And with clean-burning powder and priming, you never have to worry about bore corrosion from Super-X.

**Mark 5 plastic collar:** Without a device to protect shot, lead pellets around the outside of a shot charge flatten against the barrel bore when a shot shell is fired. Flat pellets are inaccurate, straying out of the full, dense pattern you want. The plastic Mark 5 collar is all Winchester shot shells for hunting protects pellets through the bore, then peels away at the muzzle. You get rounder pellets that fly true for up to 10% denser pattern. That means more game, no matter where or how you hunt.



**Weather-resistant plastic hull:** The dedicated waterfowler understands that the best punting he'll get will be in a bird that's probably drenched in rain, hidden in fog or pelted with sleet. The shotgun sportsman has to take its weather as he finds it. So he relies on the tough, durable plastic hull of Super-X never to become waterlogged, or to swell and soft. And to shrug off mud, sand, dust, or dampness and still function perfectly to bring home fall limits. Tough enough for reloading, too.

**Over-powder cup weld:** Long ago Winchester discovered that there was a big difference in performance between having the hot gases from expanding propellant pushing behind your shot string...or having it push inside the shot string, blasting game-sized holes in your shot pattern. That's why we pioneered, proved, and patented an inverted, over-powder cup weld that seals tight against the hull walls, and bore interior, giving you the full power of our smokeless powder, plus an even, bird-killing pattern.



**Winchester high velocity Duck Load:** This is one of Canada's highest velocity shells, especially designed for duck hunting. Duck Load is ballistically engineered to put the optimum shot load (1-3/16 oz. of number 4, 5, or 6 pellets) into weather resistant plastic casings holding a maximum powder charge. It's the ideal combination for high flying ducks under the most adverse weather conditions.



**The perfect marriage of pattern and power:** Winchester scientifically balances powder weight with the shot charge in Duck Load. The secret is a shot charge that's just a tiny bit smaller, pushed by a maximum powder charge. Big engine, small car, equals higher speed. Higher velocity than Super-X, in fact. Any time we can help you cut your load on speeding waterfowl, you're going to bring home more ducks.

**Premium performance, popular price:** Duck Load gives you the right speed, the right range, and the right pattern to get more game. And the price is right, too. Duck Load is a premium plastic-hulled shot shell that's priced below most other high velocity loads. But you still get all the same premium Winchester components: Weather resistant plastic hull. Shot-puncturing Mark 5 collar for 10% denser pattern. Hard, round shot. Clean-burning, patented over-powder cup weld. Clean-burning, progressive-burning powder, and non corrosive primer.

**Upland for birds and small game:** Ammunition for game birds, rabbits, and squirrels, goes by a lot of different names. Winchester makes things a whole lot simpler with new Upland shot shells, designed, manufactured and named for all "upland" game. Use 'em and you'll find out what brings home grouse, pheasant, or rabbit best.



**Controlled power:** Smaller game and game birds call for the right power...not overpower. That's what Upland is all about, with just the right load of clean, medium smokeless powder. The plastic Mark 5 collar keeps pellets round through the barrel to eliminate stray shot. And our hard round shot is made to pattern perfectly.

**Dependability for all lighter game:** With a weather resistant plastic casing, an over-powder cup weld to deliver uniform pattern with no wasted energy, and a non-corrosive primer to protect your shotgun bore, Upland will deliver all the power, pattern, and dependability you need for smaller game. PS Check your shotgun's pattern with Upland. Just ask your Winchester dealer for the Winchester Patting Target: WINCHESTER/CANADA, Cobourg, Ontario.



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the way you  
want it

## "We discovered a new way to tour Amsterdam. It's called the Water Walk."



No nautical aid. Just a giant plastic bag. The wind at your back. And a heck of a lot of fun. All zipped in, John and I are ready for our stroll down the Amstel River. A great way to travel—if you want things like boats and locks.



The trick of the sport is to stay on your feet and keep the bag moving. Rather like doing the tango in an enormous bowl of gelatin.



Dead. There we go again... toppled by the weight of a passing bridge. And much to the amusement of the Amsterdamers watching from the shore.

"Later, at the 156-year-old Kluin Kalle's (Julie C.M.) Tavern, we toasted our adventure with Canadian Club." It seems whenever you go, C.C. welcomes you. More people appreciate its gentle manners. The pleasing way it behaves in mixed company. They admire its unmistakable character. A taste not matched by any whisky, anywhere. Canadian Club—"The Best in The House" is all kinds.



*Canadian Club*



Canadian Club is distilled and bottled in Walkerville by Hiram Walker & Sons Limited

# THE STORMING OF THE WORLD

The human family, if it does not change its ways, will finally overcrowd, gut and poison the earth

BY BRUCE HUTCHISON

It may be confession, or it may be natural cause and effect, that the most important destinies of our time are unfolding in the neighborhood of Boston. Nearly, the Pilgrims made their headland and superbly planned the seeds of a Republic with an unimaginable future. From the steeple of Boston's Old North Church, on the night of April 18, 1775, a lantern told Paul Revere that the redcoats were coming and that day a brief missile volley at Lexington preluded the American Revolution. But a far larger revolution, designed to save humanity from itself, has begun in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in Cambridge.

Why Cambridge of all places? Because computers at MIT have roughly mirrored a process threatening to destroy man's evolved life after 5,000 years of unquestioned advance. Also because the process continues in the Liquid State, which is the first stage to grasp the risk of a planetary annihilation more terrible than a nuclear war. Thus the original revolution is rearing a vast scale of hope and failure to confront a second and to decide whether any risk society can long endure in a post world.

So, at least, the computer way has of course they could be wrong. Actually, they are bound to be wrong by a wide mathematical margin when the data fed into them are crude and the figures then interpreted no more trustworthy. All respectable computers were, as a cautionary acronym the letters GIGO, which means garbage-in-garbage-out. Yet even the strongest critics of the MIT investigation, squallions over the details, cannot deny the broad conclusion—that the human family, if it does not change its ways, will finally overcrowd, gut and poison its tiny fragment in the universe, that what we face is no less than a catastrophic collapse of our planet perhaps within 100 years.

The MIT computer, despite their necessary errors of arithmetic and their inability to reckon man's stubborn refusal of survival, tell him a truth unique in his experience since he appeared upon the earth. And the truth, however you extrapolate it, makes sad gibberish of our economic delirium, our dingy ideologies and, in fact, just about everything we have been taught to believe. Nothing is any accepted political theory, government plan, party secretary's insinuation or economist's chin twitches, much less prone to insist, that problems of

problems. How can such fuzzy tales can work when the human dilemma at bottom is not economic, political or definable by computers, statistics or any precise symbols? Instead, the dilemma is philosophical, moral and, if one dares to see the word in this agonistic age, spiritual, like old fables of basic compassion. The test ahead of us is not a test of our social apparatus but of ourselves.

It is particularly so for North Americans who have moved through a constant, built the world's highest living standard and now find that their success answers some of life's fundamental rages. While the wealthy perceptors are the doing sixteen complex about the money, want and supply, our step is beginning to ask. It can still be saved all right, but not by our present methods or morals.

These horrendous visions sit oddly in the pleasant MIT offices where I went recently to talk to the scientists who feed the computers that forecast our end. These the prophets of doom speak in muted voices, all the more chilling for their uncertainty. Professor Jay W. Forrester is the resident doomsdayer-in-chief—a tall, trim man with deep features and hard angles who might be a computer portrait of a contemporary Pilgrim Father and a trail-blazer business executive. There is nothing fuzzy about him, except his mood. Nothing as he looks or talks, computerized speech to indicate that he is a genius, engineer, mathematician and horrified spectator of the human tragedy.

Yet when, after a calm, professional discourse, he springs up to scrawl enormous diagrams and graphs across a pad of paper on the wall you suddenly see the vehement flame of dread burning in him. With computers of his own design he has looked deep into the abyss. Still, he does not despair. Otherwise he would not be working to preserve man from their folly.

The Forrester heresy is a tentative version sponsored by the shrewdly named Club of Rome (a group of leading world scientists, economists, industrialists and civil servants, desperately concerned about the future of man and the earth) is barely two years old but already has launched a furious worldwide argument. The does not surprise or worry the heretic in the least. Once the computer had proved to his satisfaction that

continued on page 17

all societies are bound for hell in a handbasket, he expanded to be demeaned as a crackpot. So he is, by men of equal intellect, by Irish men who do not understand him, and by those who understand him too well and cannot bear to face his facts.

For myself, I could not follow his rapid montage but, drunk on statistics, rolled out of MIT and bought his book, *World Dynamics*. It baffled and then terrified me. It is surely one of the most significant and shattering books to appear since Marx published *The Communist Manifesto*, and Darwin his *Origin of Species*. Marx argued only that an existing social system was wicked, and Darwin only that men evolved from lower life forms. Forrester argues that both propositions are becoming irrelevant to the physical crisis of the earth itself.

It takes Forrester 125 pages in a book filled with graphs and convoluted equations to explain the input and output of his computers. Since much of this material is filling more books (including *The Limits Of Growth*, a paperback version of the MIT report in the Club of Rome), I shall not attempt to reproduce it here. But in oversimplified form it can be thus summarized:

Thomas Robert Malthus was right, more than 100 years ago, in asserting that limited food must ultimately limit the world's population; worse, he underestimated how vicious that

Malthus could identify only one factor in the grand hypothesis. Because the other factors did not exist in his time "Malthus' assertion," says Forrester, "was not erroneous, it was merely incomplete."

The new, unknown factors are medical science, which ignored the population explosion, technology, which depletes the world's resources, and pollution, which flows from nearly all technology and, at some point, will limit population by poisoning it even if man escapes a lethal epidemic of disease or nuclear war in the meantime.

Here, man's so-called progress is caught in a three-cornered trap more deadly than he yet knows. More deadly because population, depletion and pollution are growing faster than anyone reckoned until the computers reckoned that spend—crisply, in figures, but undeniably in direction. The type of growth can no longer be measured by simple addition at the rate of 1-2-3-4-5-6. It is "exponential" now and proceeds by "doubling time" at the rate of 1-2-4-8-16-32 and so on.

This dizzy gallop will reach the point of no return much sooner than pessimists of the past expected. For even if the present population growth were cut in half, Forrester claims the risk would be temporary because the consequent "rising quality of life and the reduction of pressures [would] act to cause the population curve to repeat" over and over again, in

synthesis, substitutes for depleted materials the technological means "now utterly new to them one little only to fill rooms in something worse, a pollution catastrophe" because technology, with its factories and machines, always creates poisons of one sort or another.

Is there no escape from the trap? Yes, there is, but it necessitates a total, revolutionary change in man's way of life. "Such a path must be toward a new growing and balanced condition of the world system. The challenge is to choose the best available transition from the past dynamics of growth to a future condition of world equilibrium."

**World equilibrium and new growth.** These words are printed in cold matter-of-fact type but their meaning stuns the mind.

To begin with, they mean that the entire economic imperative and far more importantly the psychic foundation on which all societies are built must be demolished, the wisdom and central axiom of the ages reversed. Beside this prospect all past revolutions, from ancient Egypt to modern China, are fly specks on the map of history.

Before he can glimpse the possibility of world equilibrium, the end of economic growth, man must destroy his lifelong assumptions and, in effect, discard almost everything he has ever thought.

All our plans for a better new world of peace, abundance and justice are sheer rationalism, what they are built on the assumption of steady, rapid and unbroken economic growth. We have always believed it would perpetually raise our living standards, our consumption of goods, our leisure time. It would dissolve the conditions of class, and the violence of our Western societies, feed the hungry nations, even give them an efficiency like ours, and eventually, under a world government, lead us to the promised land.

That assumption is implicit in every political speech of the present election year in the United States and in Canada. It is explicit in the budgets of our federal, provincial and municipal governments, in the reports of the Economic Council, in the marketing plans of all industries, in the wage demands of all labor unions in the hopes of the poor, the weak and the old in every man's privatest dream for his own future and the security of his children. Economic growth has been the sovereign remedy for all ills that flesh is heir to, our foolproof solution for mankind's eternal predicament, the ultimate secret revealed at last.

Strangely enough, Pierre Trudeau was the first head of government anywhere, as far as I know, to question the growing game of our civilization. One week, he said, "We have

speech in Vancouver last year did not go far, to be sure, but at least it suggested, rather gingerly, that the Gross National Product might not be the single deity to the cosmos deserving our worship, that life was not quite measurable in so-called living standards, that the accumulation of goods perhaps could not fully quench the thirst of the human spirit. More recently his Minister of State for Science and Technology, Alan Rock, told a group of scientists that government and educators must "face [the Forrester] facts squarely even when they look very black" and that his department "takes these forecasts very seriously." In paradoxical contrast to both those speeches, however, the Liberal government's white paper on foreign policy found economic growth among the nation's highest priorities.

It is easy to meet all this rethoric but hard to conceive any nation that economic growth for the world as a whole is nearing its final limits: impossible, in politics, to preach a last-day living standards and get elected. Can you imagine a candidate raising the offer on the platform of one bicycle a countrywide?

Only those concerned non-elected individuals are we likely to hear such courageous doctrines. One of them, Sizzo Minichiello, the new president of the European Economic Community Commission, shocked his colleagues recently by saying, "I

don't pay much attention to Gross National Product. In all our states this has been something sacred. But it's the devil! We must think instead in terms of the happiness of our people. This means Gross National Happiness. It's essential that our economic system first produce paradise for the future to overcome this diabolical growth."

Perhaps the world will listen to Marshall though an academic like Forrester is often written off as a crank. But it is not listening yet. It has barely pondered, for instance, the fact that the United States, with one-eightieth of the world's population, now uses about a quarter of its goods and services. With a population estimated at about 300 million by the end of the century, it expects to double its per capita consumption.

Where, leaving aside the consequent pollution, will it get the necessary raw materials? What does the questionable appetite of the economy? Moloch portend for Canada which owns most natural resources: per capita, thus any other nation? What conflict of interest arise from Canada as a result of our neighbors' plans to concentrate the resources of the continent? How can we keep enough of our wealth for our own exponentially growing needs against the revenues drained made by nations west door and overseas?

And how relevant is our debate on socialism, totalitarianism, tariff protection, free trade and the rest to the

physical, not to mention the political and philosophical facts? How will Americans and Canadians behave if they cannot maintain their present style of life, not to mention the more prodigal style so long promised by their governments? How will they respond if they once suspect that the apex of their living standards, reckoned in consumption, may be close, as the apex of the American standard, reckoned in terms of consumption, was passed some time ago?

These are daunting questions, seldom asked by whom we are pleased to call practical politicians and, if asked in the ivory towers of learning, seldom heard outside, and never answered. But are the questions valid? Or have the doomayers been talking wind outside, to make our flesh creep? Have the computers perpetrated the biggest lie since the days of Dr. Crookshank? Some responsible authorities think so.

The alleged fallacies of the Forrester thesis are well summarized up by the London Economist. Speaking with an impartiality that few Pope would envy, *The Economist* finds that the reports from Cambridge reported "the high-water mark of an old-fashioned conscience, because the MIT team has pumped into its computer so many dire, dead assumptions and is thus in danger of discrediting the germ of truth that should make more considered researchers of this sort worth study."

At *The Economist* recalls "various disasters predicted with absolute certainty in the last generation did not occur. Nor will the disaster predicted now. Pollution can be forestalled; when London has cleaned its gray air and the once toxic Thames breeds fish again. If raw materials are depleted substitutes can be created: metals extracted from bauxite rock and new rubber put together molecule by molecule. There is no limit to man's resources if he uses his intelligent power."

Other authorities even more learned than *The Economist* take a similar optimistic view. The attack on Forrester is becoming as frenzied as his heresy.

The critics argue first that his data are outrageous: never then, except unknown and unknown factors in detail, established. Who, for example, can foresee China's future population when the existing figures are inaccurate in the range of some 50 million? Or its rate of industrialization and hence pollution, when no one knows the plans of its government?

Again, Forrester assumes exponential growth in population, pollution and depletion, but allows for no accompanying developments in the discovery of new resources or in devices to control the poisons of technology.

One of the most penetrating critics of the MIT theory was written by Herbert A. Fisher, an inside adviser to the Sen-  
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The red brick house in south Rosedale — that is, not the real Rosedale where the certified Toronto establishment lives, but near there — bends right into the street. A compact car at indefinite year-end make stands in the driveway. Moss and peonies drip petals on a non-committal lawn. It's nine-thirty in the morning, the sky is a hot white, and a heavy wind pushed through the branches of chestnut trees with a rattling sound.

The focal point of the house must be inside or at the back. Smart people, I think, sitting at the fireplace in the number on the door. The door opens, it is a young-looking man with longish wavy hair and a silk pastel handkerchief knotted around his neck. Stephen Clarkson lets me inside. He offers me a cup of rosehip tea, but I've just had coffee. I sit down on the couch in the living room. He inquires politely about my activities, the air is charged with suspense — his and mine. He asks me what I think of the working title of his upcoming book, *City Lib*, which is about his 1988 campaign for mayor of Toronto. Oh, I think, must stand for Liberal not Liberation.

I look around at the living room (Biedermeier Victorian settee, sofa and two matching chairs, the oil painting with the small birdlike snipe emerging from an off-centre point). Bardua beat the naive velvet curtains. Everything has a sense of having been carefully considered, all meeting certain personal requirements. The things are beautiful, interesting in themselves, in proportion with each other, historically and personally significant. It is an intensely cultural room; the actual value of the objects appears to be relatively unimportant. Everything relates subtly to everything else in color — rose, gold and olive green — and in form, but not in period or national origin. It all relates most strongly of course to the people whose home it is. Nothing jars, it all blends into a harmonious traditional whole, touched by the same mind, as I

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## THE DREAM OF ADRIENNE CLARKSON

BY MELINDA McGRACKEN

Wichitanas on ice  
dents courtesy Oranota



## ARE THERE REALLY ANY OPPORTUNITIES FOR YOUTH?

BY ERNA PARIS

Is there really a Santa Claus?

Ottawa, early 1971: A group of worried politicians and bureaucrats meet to plan summer employment for students. Things look bad. The unemployment rate is high and a frightening number of the unemployed are under 25. Young people were uncomfortably noisy this summer before some mini-crisis in Regina, trouble in Vancouver. And soon those hundreds of thousands of kids would be dumped on the labor market again. With the October crisis still fresh in their minds, God knows what might happen during the long hot weeks of holidays. Especially among the articulate and disaffected university students, who are smart enough and shrewd enough to make real trouble.

The men in Ottawa talk vaguely of hiring more youngsters into the public service, the reserve militia and other desirable places where people save up their most boring work for the tertiary summer help. But they know inwardly that they won't be able to absorb enough of them, and that those who do spend

### MARSHALL MCLEAN, WHAT'RE YOU DOING?

You see, there are two ways to look at Opportunities For Youth projects. The first is in terms of simple common sense. The second is in terms of behavioral science. After all, the behavioral scientists were in on the planning of OFY. Now the kids in the picture above spent the summer of 1971 bringing tourists to rural Nova Scotia. Or that's

what we thought. What they were really doing, the behavioral scientists tell us, was acting as a mobile interface between a pseudo-dominant art form and a pseudo-obscure survival mosaic, and arriving at a cultural huber through mechanized techniques of artistic seeking. Marshall McLuhan: tell your heart out.

their summer stuffing envelopes in Ottawa leave feeling disgruntled with government. What they need badly, is some kind of summer wage program that will tone down the shading of opposition MPs and redirect the energies of educated discontent young people into "constructive" activity.

In other words, take the heat off. Find out how. Rest. The result was a hastily thrown together package called Opportunities For Youth. An instant public relations campaign was mounted. Students were asked to choose work that they would like to do, as opposed to work imposed by the federal, provincial or municipal hierarchy. Selection of applications would be based on liberal criteria, whether the project benefited the community, provided "meaningful" jobs that trained students in management skills, indicated originality and did not merely extend an already existing program, as well as cost per job.

In other words, something for everybody. The cabinet liked



### PAINT YOUR JARROD

It. The Minister of Manpower and Immigration was glad to learn that he would be creating 27,000 jobs. The Minister of Finance was pleased to know that the \$14 million budget (later increased to \$24 million in 1971 and \$34 million in 1972) would mostly be paid back in just 100 months after the summer. The Minister of Justice was relieved that some of the troublemakers would be off the streets, and the Minister of National Health and Welfare was assured that the kids would do a lot of good work and not compete with private enterprise. It was suggested (very quietly) to the Secretary of State that this would be a back door into the education business, from which he was barred by the constitutional arrangement of powers.

So the politicians were happy. So were the planners, for reasons that had nothing to do with the politicians. Opportunities For Youth was to be an experiment in behavioral psychology.

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cultural artifacts, and assembling them in a spatial catalogue, thereby creating a kind of social pun between the concept "toy" (transference object for unspecific emotion) and the concept "library" (control centre for specific non-emotion). It's easy when you get the hang of it.

You see, these kids in Calgary are setting up a library of toys. Now, in the toy Scout terms used by politicians and bureaucrats, that's all they're doing: setting up a library of toys and keeping off the streets and stuff. You think so? You're kidding. In behavioral terms, they are perceiving toys as archaeology, as



#### CHARACTEROLOGICAL BIBES

See, these kids in Ontario seem to be setting up a touring course in road safety and maintenance for people who ride motorcycles. And that may be what they think they're doing. What they're really doing with their OFY grant, the behaviours tell us, is something else. They are expanding tool and transportation access for automobiles, and so setting up a high-speed, personal travel entry inside the internal-combustion culture. In other words, they are transforming the engine from a parental figure into a sibling figure. That may not be what you call revolution, but that's what we call revolution.

#### HORSEPOWER TO THE PEOPLE

Now these people in Vancouver have set up a people's garage to help you figure out how to fix your car. Right? Wrong. They are recognizing deep in the belly of the post-industrial beast, replacing the mythology of the inaccessable machine with the mythology of the machine as friend, and as imposing emotional control patterns on the relationship between the car and the owner. Because when you figure out how to be your own car, obviously you're not at the mercy of the expert any more. You are an expert, too. Thank you, M. Palleser.

Would students come up with any projects that would be significantly different from the kinds of projects their parents might design? Would some projects generate clues about the direction society was headed? Would the kids figure out how society might survive social and technological change without the warring institutions of the family, the church, the job, the school — and — whisper it — the government?

In 1977, 19,000 applications arrived and 2,312 were chosen. Students ran innocuous recreational programs for old people, children and each other, put out controversial newspapers, researched everything possible from the misadventure of Quebec scandal sheets to the problems of ex-convicts, organized tennis associations and made films. Opportunities For Youth survived an onslaught of conspiracy and violence charges over the press and emerged as a political success for the Liberals.

The trouble is that, as an operational program, it failed. It hasn't met even its own objectives. The idea behind it, that of finding people, directly, to do what they choose to do, is a new approach for a government program and may help change the popular notion of what "work" is or ought to be, and so the theory of OFY as a free one, as a venture in the real world, it's a failure.

In the real world, there just aren't enough traditional production jobs to go around, and unless Canadian law change of secondary industry there never will be. We live with 6% known unemployment, but who knows what the true figures are? What about all those people who have never been included in statistics? Women, for instance, who live in the backwoods of the country where it's impossible to earn a decent living?

There's a whole area of "service work" that we have never taken seriously. Work that doesn't add to the GNP, or produce

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# LAST CHANCE FOR CANADA

BY WALTER GORDON

*A choice between Trudeau and our country's survival is no choice at all*

The spring of 1972 may turn out to be the beginning of the end for Canada.

The crisis and subcrisis that appear to be increasing in Quebec were highlighted this spring by some serious labor disturbances. And in May, I was shocked by the federal government's repudiation of the Gray Report and the complete inadequacy of its legislation for coming to grips with the Canadian independence issue. If whenever I called upon to lead the Canadian government after the next election is unable to settle the problems of Quebec and Canadian independence within the next four years, it may be too late to do anything about them.

Quebec is a rich nation which could have become the envy of the world. Instead, we seem doomed to lose our independence and eventually become part of the United States. Most Canadians do not want this. But our leaders seem quite unable to comprehend the implications of French risk, if not loss, reversed, will lead inevitably to the breakup of our country.

My answer to the question "Can Canada survive?" is an emphatic "Yes!" But whether Canada will is quite another matter. I say this because Canadians and their governments may not be willing to take the moderate risks that are necessary to keep our society together and prosper as an independent. For now it is a cautious, conservative society with a predilection for the status quo and a reluctance to do anything that might ruffle the American eagle's feathers.

Yet if we are to survive, there are two problems above all others that must be tackled. The first is the turmoil and chaos in Quebec and the feelings of so many people there that they should have a greater measure of control over their own affairs. The second is the question of Canadian independence and what to do about the existing foreign (mostly American) control of our economic and cultural affairs.

There is no indication that Mr. Trudeau is prepared to change his policy in dealing with Quebec, even though it has polarized opinion there between the federalists and separatists. For the present, the federalists seem the more numerous, but it is anyone's guess how long this will continue to be the case. It would be better, from a long-term point of view, to differ rather than polarize opinion also at the future of Quebec, both within the province and throughout the rest of Canada (See the story for an exposition of these views on page 72).

On the independence issue, the government decided to bring in legislation that, if passed, would give it the power to step firm given from acquiring control of Canadian companies in future. But take-over of Canadian enterprises appears only a very small part of the way in which foreign control of the Canadian economy is growing. (Also, there was no suggestion that the government intends to prevent oil take-overs

even though it would have the power to do so.) The greatest source of growth in foreign control is through the expansion of existing Canadian subsidiaries of foreign multi-national corporations, mostly American. This source of growth, or most of it, is financed by the astronomical annual profits of the Canadian subsidiaries in question. The government did not propose to do anything about this, and Pierre Trudeau stated that no further measures were being contemplated.

The take-over bill was not passed by parliament before the summer recess. The trouble with it was that it would permit members of the government to pretend that something significant is being done about the Canadian independence issue. This simply isn't true. But the subject is complex and difficult to understand so many people will believe the explanations that were given by government spokesmen.

It is difficult to understand why the Trudeau government decided to adopt a do-nothing — or practically nothing — stance on independence. In 1947 Labor is far back in 1959. Mr. Trudeau wrote: "Should we suffer passively our situation of economic domination? It would be better to be attacked outright by the United States than to be exploited without a fight."

From what he has said subsequently there has been nothing to suggest that he had changed his mind about this basic issue, that is, not quite recently.

In June of 1971, I went to see the Prime Minister as part of a delegation from the Committee for an Independent Canada. He told us that his government was on the verge of bringing out a strong policy on foreign investment, and that he would like the committee to try to improve it because it could be helpful in supporting the policy with the public. But, apparently at the last moment, Pierre Trudeau changed his mind.

Canada, of course, is a most difficult — some would say impossible — country to govern, and sometimes there are pressures which our prime ministers are not able to withstand. Most Canadians seem to be aware of this and normally are discernable in their judgments when their governments find it necessary to change course. But in this case, Pierre Trudeau has not been frank with the public as to why he did so. One can only speculate. Was it because of the altered climate in the United States following President Nixon's new economic policies announced a year ago, and the rough way that Secretary of the Treasury John Connally proceeded to implement them? Or was it part of Pierre Trudeau's efforts to please the Canadian business community? It will or it have gone unnoticed that last winter he moved to new parliament two houses, Bryce Mackenzie and Rose Baskford, the three members whose legislation was making businessmen spin like topsails. John Turner's budget with its reduction of some percentage points (mostly one fifth) in corporate income tax for annual incomes



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# THE TWO-DOLLAR BETTOR'S BEST FRIEND

BY JACK LUDWIG

Ron Turcotte, the farm boy from New Brunswick, is one of North America's great jockeys. It's about time everybody knew it.

The perspective takes over completely. Ron Turcotte would be appearing in some special production of *Little Men*. He and everyone else is around five feet high, he's a few inches more, same as only one foot. Everyone is five, from this hand, even giant. Most are wealthy, with often as George Rod, purple leather hair, dark suitcases. They speak Spanish or English with a double Central or South American accent.

In the middle of the day they wear bathrobes, like movie extras awaiting a call, or T-shirts as if they were kind-swinging kitchen boys. Their pants are uniformly white, shiny plastic coating fibers. Their boots are black or dark brown, with the tops a rusty brown. They move in and out of showers, in and out of sweaters. They find it impossible to pass a scale without stepping on. The lucky ones drink coffee and in such sandwiches, chocolate bars, the odd hamburger. The others sip black coffee. And look very solemn. The clock of saints, a wall of ordinary men, passes among them, and, in no instant, turns into Galileo among the Lilliputians.

One of them is quite fat, his hair light, almost curly. He smiles slightly, or keeps his face in a slight frown. He dresses, looks, speaks and acts like what he is, and what he calls himself, a Canadian farm boy. We've all seen a hundred, maybe a thousand small tough Canadians from people just like him in every farm community from Newfoundland to British Columbia. Yet, look for his particular talent from New Brunswick around the world, up and sideways and back, and you'll not find it. This Canadian farm boy has earned \$300,000 annually the past two years. And will do it again this year.

In any other trade, such success would make for a *Hansel and Gretel* story. In Ron Turcotte's racing world the *Hansel and Gretel* tale is almost instantly reversible. A rider might win the Queen's Plate, the Avon Gold Cup, the Epsom Derby, the American Triple Crown, and yet he has lost a couple of \$100,000 stakes races on horses supposedly shoe-on, and his Cackles (ten pumpkins, but through/breaks race).

Most Canadians are probably familiar with the Turcotte legend, told this small band of 14 people — mother, father, four sons. Three daughters — suffered the terrible life in *Drummond and Grand Falls, NB*. How Ron won a school dropout at 13, and worked out his father till he was 18. Some in 1959 shot New Brunswick up white and quiet, including the lumber camps. So Ron took off, for Toronto and a construction job. But in Toronto the construction industry was tied up by a strike. His landlord suggested Ron's son was suitable for the jockey trade. Ron ultimately got a job riding horses. A year later he was working them, and finally riding. In 1962 he was leading Canadian rider, the year after, Canada's leading rider. That September he was the top jockey at Laurel Race Track in Maryland, the following August he broke into the big

time at Saratoga in the upper reaches of New York State.

The way up followed. But Ron Turcotte's *Hansel and Gretel* tale takes interesting. Where was his first, his sports car, his way with the broom, his coat of champagne for the press, his big parties? Now Eddie Belmont — there was a jock who not only rode winners but dressed like a guy that rode winners. Who can make copy out of a Canadian kid in a loose T-shirt and jeans? Who can see his nickname? And his hair like some long army recruit? See, that, how Eddie Belmont dressed on Belmont Stakes day — a green and pink flowered brocade suit with knee-length jacket, a high peak that ruffled at the chest, and at the cuffs, a leather (long around his neck, with a great big carved wooden peace symbol. So who has to see on Ron Ridge, Ron Turcotte? If Eddie Belmonts — or *Ernie's* *Raines* or *White Shirts* or *Angel Cordova Jr.* or *Lefty Prince Jr.* or *Justin Vassquez* or *Forge Velasquez* — had been on Ron Ridge — and was, undoubtedly when Ron Ridge's picture appeared in the American issue of *The Daily Racing Form* the following Monday, someone would have put the jockey's name in with the horse's. Nobody bothered to do that for the Canadian kid, Ron Turcotte. His picture rarely appears in the racing papers for U.S. tracks. His name doesn't pop up in the newsroom staff system computer.

For example Turcotte won on Ron Ridge at the Blue Grass Stakes several weeks before the Kentucky Derby. One had to look hard to find his name in the racing alert sheets and in the New York papers too. A few days later jockey Ray Broward won in Kentucky to work Ron Ridge and his picture — with his name! — appeared on the front page of *The Daily Racing Form*.

In the press rooms the staff writers are full of jockey stories, but Turcotte's name almost never comes up. They don't look him in a race. So many of them call him Turcotte — of Belmont's it's assumed, why not everybody's? When Ray Ridge won the Kentucky Derby a was the horse and its owner and its trainer the papers gave space to. When Ray Ridge won the Belmont it was a horse story again. The early editions of *The New York Times* had the incredible headline area since that to repeat its mistake.

Yet Ron Turcotte isn't the first Canadian jockey to make it in the big time. Ted Atkinson, George Wood and the great Johnny Longden were there before him. But Turcotte is different because he hasn't played the Big-time jock game. "We're farm people," he says simply. And means it.

The Kentucky Derby seems to be the one time every year and trainer and jockey wants to win at least once. Named the Two-Year-Old of 1971, Ron Ridge early last fall (MI) was being called the first Triple-Crown winner since Citation (in 1949).

Derby Day, May 6, was all Ray Ridge's and past Ron

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# LOST TOWNS

*There are those of us who grew up in prosperous towns and who can still remember the dying end down the road that never quite made it. But towns, like people, prosper and decline. Years back the town down the road had promise too. But something went wrong (though no one knew quite why). The autumn might have faded when jaspers came in and today, if you care to visit, you'll see that the horse bakery has closed in favor of city bread. There is a fragility in the regions of this country, out there the losses outnumber the triumphs.*

**FORT STEELE, BC** When, in 1887, Samuel Benfield Steele, superintendent of the North West Mounted Police, rode down into the spectacular valley through which the Kootenay River flows he chose the finest site to be the boomtown of the future: Fort Steele. But when local businessmen heard that the Canadian Pacific Rail-

way would pass through the valley they greedily raised the price of land. A certain Colonel Baker, who owned territory 12 miles to Fort Steele's south, offered his land much cheaper and it came to pass that the town of Cranbrook sprang up. Now Fort Steele is no more than a tourist ghost town in southeastern BC. So it goes.



PHOTO BY JOHN HENNINGSEN



**ECONOMY, NOVA SCOTIA** On a foggy day in Colchester County by the Minas Basin in Nova Scotia, a driver passes Upper, Lower and Economy properly barely seeing the few buildings by the road on the sea. In 1882, James Miller built a lumber mill there and the people of Economy cut wood for the famous wooden ships of

Nova Scotia. The town had been settled by immigrants from Ireland and New England and for a while the town had promise. But in 1891 the Nova Scotia Lumber Company came along and bought James Miller out. It wasn't long before the mill folded along with the dream of Economy. Today only 195 souls live there. So it goes.



PHOTO BY ANDY HARRIS



**DRUMHELLER, ALBERTA** When Samuel Drumheller came along in 1910 and bought a large tract of land from a homesteader, he was primarily interested in ranching. But coal was discovered on his property and it wasn't long before the town of Drumheller, Alta., grew up. The coal became the main fuel for the district. A

bright future was inevitable. By 1913, 13 mines were in operation. Later, when oil came in and the market failed, all but one underground mine closed. Today it operates for no more than two months of the year. Drumheller, on the fringe of the Alberta badlands, is now known for its medium security penitentiary.



PHOTO BY GUY LAWRENCE, GUY LAWRENCE



**BATTLEFORD, SASKATCHEWAN** In 1870, the Council of the Northwest Territories chose Battleford as the seat of government. The town was on the projected route of the CPR, the Hudson's Bay Company was close and one man had husked a printing press there. What more do you need? The other settlement at Pike Of

Bones (later renamed Regina) just didn't have what it takes. The railway advance man arrived and decided that Battleford's land prices were too stiff. He crossed the Saskatchewan River looking for a better deal. North Battleford was born, a real city, and today Battleford has fewer than 2,000 permanent residents. So it goes.



PHOTO BY GUY LAWRENCE, GUY LAWRENCE

ment Council of Canada. While admitting that the world may be moving toward holocaust, he says that Forrester has failed to prove it. Since the scientist's inputs are mere guesses to an end, the output.

The world's resources, Labatt agrees, may be totally exhausted in 250 years, in Forrester's own plans, but they may not, depending on a multitude of unpondered factors. Just vary the date by a minute fraction and you can prove anything about man's fate. Rather than taking on the whole world, Labatt suggests, "it might be appropriate to take on 'City Hall'."

Another Canadian, Maurice P. Strong, was perhaps more clearly than any world citizen that those problems, whatever their dimensions, cannot be solved by City Hall or any nation acting alone. As the chief guest and organizer of the United Nations conference on the Human Environment at Stockholm, Strong warned that "the environmental issue is moving out of the 'motherhood' stage to the point where it has become the most pervasive, profound and revolutionary issue that man has ever faced. It requires us to confront such fundamental issues as the possible limitations to growth, the purpose of growth, the control of technology, the utilization of the world's resources and the distribution of its opportunities."

In other words, pollution and depletion, like disease and war, recognize no national boundaries, no City Hall. When a few large nations can find the

answers and the atmosphere, the human future will be saved by concerted international action, or not at all.

Ahead this galaxy of positive dangers, a negative danger now appears — the possibility of panic. As it was put to me by one of the most cautious scientists in the United States, the cry of "well, repeated too often and too loudly, may reduce man to despair or apathy and thus no democratic government will be able to do much about the positive dangers."

This is exactly what happened, at the end of the cold war, as the American government's plan for air raid shelters. Regarding nuclear war, as certain if the nuclear balloon went up, the public refused to build shelters. So it may refuse to protect the environment if it is convinced that the cause is hopeless. Or if government sets impossible standards for clean air and water, the public will turn cynical and abandon even possible goals.

We may be sure, anyway, that if the doom-penologists, those powerful vocal mixtures of management, labor and politics will try to maximize the dangers from honest or dishonest motives. The greatest danger of all is that we shall argue about the peripheral, negative and dodge the central facts. How can the government, bewildered wonder that has any through such an unworkable jangle of contradictions, survive with today's traps? It won't be easy, but since data, preliminary guidelines may help him.

The first records the obvious fact of arithmetic that more have been living

recently so his capital and raising it down at a rate that would quickly bankrupt any business concern. Whether the day of reckoning comes at the end of this century, or the next, or later, it will surely come at some point, for on or off here, unless the process is arrested.

Another guideline, the figure indicated, but undesirable, tells us that the cost of saving our environment, if we can, will be high enough to knock the budgets of all the great nations into a shabby cocked hat. They must pay for non-pollution at rates that will reduce chronic changes in current programs.

A third guideline explains our sick myth of Christian charity. We like to think that the living standard of the poor peoples will rise steadily through the evaporation of the industrial world and as we learn our technological tricks and somehow remove some deadly cranks of design and then our table. Even this flattering fiction had to our Western soul is pure fantasy. Just prone for a moment and consider its meaning.

If tomorrow morning, the poor nations found themselves in industrialized, affluent and resource as we are, the world's work and environmental world itself be destroyed before daylight. As half of a quarter of our consumption and pollution rate, those nations would make the Cambridge computers look miserably optimistic.

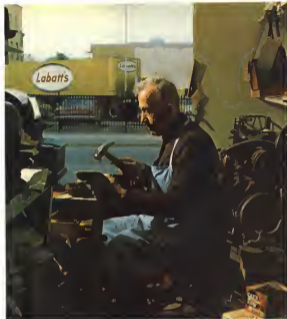
For physical, if for no other reason, this won't happen. The poor (with the exception of Asia owing special assets like petroleum and metals) will become poor by our standards and are likely to become poorer, even in the natural necessities of life, unless their population is more restrained by plague, catastrophe or starvation. In these people, though not in the West, food is the supreme anxiety and increased food supplies do not keep abreast of the present birth and death rate much longer.

As the approaching crisis was outlined to me at Cambridge by a scholar most capricious in the world of business and less passionate in honesty than Forrester: "You, or your children, had better get used to reading in the paper that millions of men, women and children are starving, senseless, every day."

If so, the news will probably be read in the well-nourished saloons like Canada with their fortitude, as we lately read the news of Bangladesh. The most comfortable class in home reaches the joy and claims our income. For any and everyone, it is only a bloodless statistic. But there will be some ones, touching our own safety, of hunger and who produce more among the poor will eventually intensify the grim picture.

It may seem reasonable to suppose that, if resources dwindle and pollution increases, the rich nations will survive

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## John Labatt Limited is more than just a good neighbour to Bill Agnos.

Bill Agnos has a shoe repair shop at 222 Richmond Street, London, Ontario. This makes Mr. Agnos a very close neighbour of the London brewery which is one of the major buildings of John Labatt Limited.

Along with some 15,000 other people, Bill Agnos is a shareholder of the company. Once a year he puts away his leather and his lathe, and

attends the annual shareholders' meeting. While Mr. Agnos is within walking distance, many of his co-owners travel to the annual meeting by air and rail. Others come in thousands, take extra trucks. Some turn up on bicycles.

All of them are very proud of the fact that their company is owned by Canadians in all walks of life, from St. John's to Victoria.

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"And if you find a plastic one just push the button here."

better, at least, than the poor. On the contrary, says Forrester, the rich association will suffer most because they are so complex and brittle, so dependent on affluence and so unaccustomed to hardship which the poor have always accepted as the law of life. Being hard, they need little in survival. Being soft, they need much, and demand more.

At the same time, no one can doubt that the poor nations will try to understand whether we help them or not. Why should we suppose that, to protect our welfare, they will be content to remain poor, especially when we are trying to help them to prosper and become rich? Or why should we suppose that humanity, divided into quarrelling factions, can begin to deal with an indivisible problem that defies all man-made frontiers? When a physical or not a moral commandment makes the sovereignty of nations, can we hope that joint action will bring them together where reason has always failed?

What all this means is nothing less than the urgent need to reorient the world society, to put an end to the anarchy now enveloping it. That task, if it is possible, must not wait until across all our ideological divisions, fissures and prejudices, all our transnational ideologies of Right, Left and Centre.

The Communist ideology argues, for example, that private enterprise is responsible for the dilemma because it is based on profit, exploitation and the waste of resources. If the dilemma were only that simple it could be solved immediately by changing our economic system. But it is not. For Communism is based on the same objective as that of private enterprise (and all the variants between them) with only a different method of ownership management and distribution. Indeed, Communism's major complaint is that private enterprise does not produce enough goods, distribute enough resources and distribute enough profits to the people.

All systems with a common purpose, a common aspiration and a common

faith in wealth as the universal passion are concerning a common assault on the common capital. To the historians of the distant future, if there is one, the current quarrel between systems of ideologies will look either like a bundle of ants fighting for possession of a sticky log or a flash-towered Niagara Falls.

Then how surely does the mind-weather of globalism throughout the ages take the role of a game overruled on the periphery of things while the mainstay are neglected? The difference in our time is that we must play for keeps and the rules are now without compromise right.

In spite also see certain other concerns that politics has long tried to create postpone or disguise. Among them, how much additional power must be surrendered by the person to the state when it alone can make rules for its own safety and only a constant of state can make rules for world survival? How much self-discipline will the person accept on himself to avoid the harsher discipline from above? How much personal liberty can survive the state's occupational growth?

In short, is modern democracy itself, an invention not yet two centuries old, already an old age and can any free society contain the storm within it and still remain free?

One thing is beyond dispute — that no human dependency presently on the accumulation of riches can long endure as ever has endured. The fate of affluent Carthage before the poor Roman conquest, the collapse of an affluent Rome before the rugged northern barbarians and, now, the emergence of the poor Chinese to challenge a richer Russia and a still richer West — these historical cycles and auras of old nations should act as thinking furnace.

But such thinking cannot be done by a computer. We might as well call an astronaut from Asia or a witch doctor from darkest Africa to the thinking man be discarded the solitary skull of each of us if we are to deny the computer's propriety.

Filled with that wild storm, I fled from the noisy powers of MTV to the quiet hell in Virginia where America's greatest political philosopher built his house, brought his bride and found his grave. Standing on the marble porch of Monticello, I looked across a green valley to the misty blue Ridge and remembered Thomas Jefferson's famous credo.

Why, I asked myself, had his Credo of Human Events seemed so flat in directions that he could not imagine? What had happened to his Self-Devised Truths, now defiled in most of the world and even in his own country? How much remained of every human being's Unalienable Right to Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness when mankind has assumed the ultimate right to dispose the planet? Was Jefferson's creed still valid in these changing times or disproved and obsolete?

To me it seemed that his credo, if not his hopes, had been confirmed by its violation. The crime against the earth already was bringing famines upon the guilty and innocent alike. What mankind's truly human in Life, when Liberty is sacrificed to greed and the Moral touch is turned from myth to reality, then the Pursuit of Happiness must fail and begin again on a very different Course.

Yes. But what Course? This is the transcendental question, as practical as it is moral, and now suddenly more urgent than it has ever been in the past. It calls upon to reconsider not merely his mortal weakness but his place, purpose and destination in a universe of human possibility and sacred rewards stretching from his mortal spark to the farthest star.

The spiritual world will be uncapable even if the computers were wrong, even if the planet were in no danger, even if a foolproof political and economic system were devised overnight. Assuming these unlikely situations, will anyone say that happiness for mankind as large can be found in our present Course? Will anyone say, on the other hand, that we should be less happy if we demanded less immediate wealth in our present and more in our earth, if life were simpler, safer and wiser, if the Great National Product showed a little upwardly and more expanded more inwardly, if we knew for sure that our children would not inherit a civilization doomed to be poor, nasty, brutish and short?

At Monticello I could not doubt the answer of any sensible man. For beyond the Blue Ridge lay the richest nation in the world and one of the unhappiest. We can possess Jefferson's most Self-Devised Truth: In the mid-1980s of the 20th century who it need enough to suppose that the Laws of Nature and Nature's God have been repealed? ■

## MY CANADA from page 10

and the street would wave — but even the flagging jiggled the house.

"It was a doublet story house with rooms like the inside of crabs and on the outside it was painted in the controversial dried blood color affected by the railroad. At night in the room with his brother Patrick and Michael, who slept on indifferent to everything, he would make with the first (howling) sound of the distant train. He by clanking his bench and the headlight of the train exploded against the wall like a splash of peckmarked silver. In the glare, the face of the second floor hung for an anguished look of the head, the hands in supplication over the ground with dripping garish blood. The walls were so thin the tilted ribs showed through the pyjama-cloth striped wall-pipe.

"He always had to get up after that and silently sneak out to the stoop and relieve himself, in defiance of his mother's order to go into the backyard.

"When his eye became accustomed to the dark, he could see the stark outline of the water tower with its dangling hose like a useless arm. The tall shaft of the chimney resembled the picture of loose rain dripped from a Sunday paper and framed and hung in what served as the dining room, kitchen and living room. Further down the brick the station sagged low as if trying to hide, but the jeweled riding lights of the semaphore marked ground for us, and "go by and leave us alone!" In the distance there were a few lights from the village, a broken ring of beads scattered on the right outside of darkness. There was always the soft whirring sound of a day or a night creature and in the instant of being disenchanted between the dark and the crowding sky of heaven, he felt sufficiently lonely, writing a mail Old Peak, the "beast, once smiling at his arrival. Then, he looked as quietly as possible back up the stairs — not easy, because they were only made change installed by his father to convert the small attic into a couple's space. Then he would lie awake and try not to listen to the animal sounds of his brothers as they wailed in sleep, or the tanning of his parents in their beds at the other side of the partition, or the mystery of their night funkings, which made him think with a burning sensation he didn't understand.

"There was a strong and wonderful passion in him when he conquered the night loneliness. It was a passion in a way, to try and deliberately shut out the sounds and the smells — the smell of his brother, of sweat, and of something that always remind of him of wet sheep's wool — and the outside reality of night. He wanted to be a Phobosian. There was some thing in us that is not satisfying about just saying that word.

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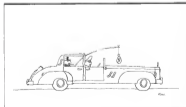
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Continued on Martizing, Continued on 32





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OFY contract 56,000 unemployed were under 35 OFY employed 25,000 people in 1971 and 28,000 in 1972. A drop in the bucket. Furthermore OFY funds students, primarily middle-class university students. The statistical rate of the economic elite. The kids who already have the resources.

Education students know how to write sophisticated applications, an accomplishment that's become the survival skill of the Seventies. Educated, articulate, motivated students are dangerous when unemployed to the wrong people (the money) were funded for the wrong reasons. ("They wanted to shut up the kids who were talking the leaders") was the comment I heard most frequently from OFY recipients. Hundreds of thousands of jobless, less articulate non-students, did not receive the government's priority attention.

In fairness, OFY did make an attempt to "regionalize" in 1973. Field offices from coast-to-coast helped in the design and planning of some projects. Applications from Antigonish, Nova Scotia, for example, were not judged against applications from Hamilton in Toronto. Large cities were divided into districts so that the middle-class suburbs didn't get all the goodies, and provincial governments were asked to designate areas that might need resources. "Regionalization" may have improved OFY in 1972 (at this writing, it's too soon to know) but as long as university students remain the focus of the program, OFY will not reach the truly needy youth of this country.

Loopholes — the buying off of dissent and discontent — are built in. For example, the socially knowledgeable few question that the "youth threat" at the Service over Max Black, coordinator of OFY, points out that OFY received fewer "interest" calls than any other program in 1972, then in 1971.

What role has OFY played in this shift? What happens to a "radical" organization with a government grant? Perhaps most, apparently uncomfortable documents are made not to do this in itself, particularly if the grant is as big as now. Slowly, subtly, the organization changes. The Governor with a grant from the Sullivan government? Abbot Hoffman with a grant from Washington? Some (and noteworthily, too) if not governments are aware. Toronto's Greenleaf newspaper with a grant from Ottawa? Of course. Fifteen thousand dollars from OFY in 1971 to put out a survival sheet for transient and alienated youth.

In 1972, Greenleaf applied again — to study ethnic populations in Toronto. "Since the text of our paper has changed in the past year," said Doug Austin, a member of Greenleaf's editorial committee. "We're much less rhetorical. We're a newspaper and we report.

You might call us a disorganizer for these reasons, new left philosophy."

There was a 1972 OFY project in Toronto called "Midweek", otherwise known as "Sea of Witches", last year's controversial test city for immigrants in 1971. John Snow, the University of Toronto acting president, called the project to remove "aquatics" from the Witches sea on campus. This year, Sea of Witches (which will receive \$15,850) had a letter of recommendation from John Snow to maintain several city sidewalks. Organizer Seymour Katsenbach, one of last year's trustees, explained this "there will be no serious sleeping on the sea. The program will be more structured this year." Sea of Witches is planning to run "urban exploration tours" to show students "good parts of the city." What rate has thousands of dollars of grant money played?

Last year, some underground newspapers printed that "participatory democracy" does have definite limits under OFY. *Protest Fire*, a Regina underground paper, had to grant withdrawal after it ran a story about Liberal prevarication in the Saskatchewan election. The paper claimed that a Liberal constituency in Regina had offered two individuals several thousand dollars to run as independents and draw votes away from the NDP. "After we ran the story, we were charged with treason (by libel, though we had an affidavit to prove it)," says Barry Lipton, who was editor of *Protest Fire* at the time. "At election rallies, Ross Thatcher started yelling about Communists and looks and we were getting our money from the federal Liberals. The night of the election (in which Thatcher's government was defeated) we heard on television that our grant had been canceled."

Anyway, a Toronto underground paper with a \$4,378 grant, subcontracted by the government by publishing an article entitled *Running Off For Fun And Survival*. "We were never told why we didn't get the last 3% of our grant," says co-designer Harvey Kerkhof. "Though there were hints that it was because of the report story. We had also been told to use \$4,000 for salaries (for six people) and the rest for production costs. Naturally we had to use our salaries for part of production. The only compensation we had from Ottawa was that because of this, we could save \$1,000."

New 1972 OFY policy stated that "publications whose chief purpose is commentary and indoctrination rather than enlightenment." In 1971, OFY conducted a "political check" on the selection of projects. Federal MPs and the provinces were given an opportunity to "comment on" a package of projected projects. Some MPs refused to act in concert, threatening

that to do so would create political risk from their constituents whose projects they would be personally vetoing. But when day in with grants. When Quebec MPs asked 39 projects, eight of the 23 Quebec OFY projects refused response. Conrad Faldutier confirmed that the 23 Quebec projects were personally conservative. Michael McCabe from the Secretary of State's office conceded the difficulty. "I don't think there's any doubt that the political check cut into some of the best projects," he said. "But on the other hand, the MPs were elected and so are over elected and so anything."

Young workers at OFY in Ottawa chortled "The MPs were afraid we

would treat people as how to organize," said a girl who wished to remain anonymous. "The political check will likely mean OFY. You just know that nothing interesting will get by in each and such a place because the MP happens to be fearful and personally conservative." McCabe McCabe from the Secretary of State's office conceded the difficulty. "I don't think there's any doubt that the political check cut into some of the best projects," he said. "But on the other hand, the MPs were elected and so are over elected and so anything."

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OFY continued

Peltier's interference in OFY didn't begin and end with the "check" MPs had been receiving letters from constituents asking them to push particular projects. They also got angry letters when projects were refused (OFY received 20,000 applications in 1972 and accepted only 3,000). That's a lot of browned-off people writing to their MPs. As a result OFY offices were bombarded with calls from MPs and cabinet ministers trying to use their weight. Eventually, all calls were transferred to the minister's office, but it's hard to know to what extent selection was prejudiced. Early in 1973, a temporary civil servant, Dale Martin, quit OFY, calling it "the most partisan political job-dropping program under federal auspices."

OFY has been attacked for funding "parasites who prefer to live off the taxpayer rather than compete for jobs" (Senator Frank Welch, May, 1972). MPs fanned over 1971 freemasons such as a film that would record people eating a series of spaghetti dinners, and they mocked the notorious administrative chaos at OFY headquarters (Many participants didn't get their money in time to get projects off the ground last year. OFY had never had a bank account and frequently lost their money. Someone else had a \$2,000 cheque stolen).

But in terms of providing "meaningful work that will benefit the community," one of its objectives, OFY built failure right into its own policy. How "meaningful" can any project be if it lasts just four months? What "meaningful" effect can it have on the community? By the time a project gets off the ground, the money is gone, it's over, and everyone is exactly where they began. Hundreds of projects turned in research studies on the needs and problems of their communities. Where are these studies? Lying somewhere in the Secretary of State's department. The shovels of the work increased Ottawa, not the results.

For a 1971 project called "A People's History of Cape Breton," three students researched and wrote a history of the island as told by people who live there, and published a book with their own money. The first 3,000 copies disappeared in two months says David Frank, one of the students. At this writing, 10,000 copies have been sold. The book has given students a new sense of their own past. It is being used in high school and university courses. OFY would be a lot more creditable if these ambitious students had not had to gamble with their own money to publish the results of their government-funded research.

Opportunities For Youth as it's being run, is so much more a make-work program, and Gérard Pelletier admits it

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## AUSTRALIA BEYOND THE CLICHES

BY ALAN HUGHES

Wiping out down under

Just the walk across the terrace in Denver made me want like a glass of cold beer. Like most Canadians I have an imagination which luxuriates in the idea of the tropics, my imagination began to fantasize. The Real Australia. The hot rock-daily outback. Great mobs of natives with their head-dressed dancers, lacrosse, saw-armed men, bullocks leading by the tail, the four thousand acres of song and New Shute.

"Like a leonardo, man?" Where I shut my eyes to his tubby five-foot-nine, the short-dialled native official seemed perfect. He spelled the leonardo.

"Sorry, mate. We're all tropic here." "Tropic?" The imagination fantasized again. But why didn't he call me "cobber"?

An hour later I was flying down the coast toward Sydney. That was two years ago and it was my only glimpse of the Real Australia. Ever since, I had to shut my eyes. Nobody calls anyone "cobber" anymore.

Australia is the most unvarnished coun-

try in the world. The 70% of the population who live in a handful of cities merely think of the other 30% as the real Australia. But the outback is thoroughly unrecognizable and almost as mythical as the Canada of Rose Mares and Sergeant Preston of the Mounted. The average Australian has never been there. If he tried, his American-style soda would smother his Flight File suspension on the discoloured roads which begin a few miles outside his city (the main coastal road north from Brisbane is nicknamed the Crystal Highway in memory of the thousands of windshields it shatters every year). You can still see the bulk by taking one of the existing but fairly ragged bus lines into the interior, but you won't meet any lean-faced drivers. And if you try to meet the Aboriginals on a Queensland reservation you may find first of a dense cop who will ask for your entry permit (just like South Africa, fellow) continued  
Ayer's Rock (across) an Australian landscape is said to be the world's largest single feature. It's a board's size.

Flower places really mark their stage in the mind of this perspective visitor, and he will only get to the dollar period if he is prepared to enjoy the consequent surprise. While I have driven so far as Perthshire in North Queensland and so far west in Melbourne, it is Sydney that has bedeviled me. Australia's "biggest, nastiest beauty" I expected it to be as I have been here. After all, Australia has much in common with Canada — language, history, a big fledgling country with too much timber — Sydney ought to be Toronto with parks, trees, and its people. Canadians who can't skate. But city and people are both so different that you wonder how it happened. It is the difference that makes the visit worthwhile.

Sydney is a sprawl of urban grunge and green. The area of Toronto, bisected by a tidal of harbor fingers that give it a history industry and developers have been unable to destroy. For all its size and modernity the city has a huddled, claustrophobic feel. It is then the sea but the land created a — the city itself and the places looking for 2,000 miles into the west Sydney has been laid down in rugged layers like a pizza with everything on it. There is a heavy undertone of Englishness — comes like Paddington, King's Cross, Bayview and Bond and Myer Park, double-decked buses driving on the left, cricket matches, school kids in straw boaters, third world, words like "petrol." Anyone with pretensions to culture overlooks his native interest with an English indifference. But everywhere you find the Aboriginal and colonial names — Woolloomooloo, Toongahba, Woy Woy, Tom Ugly's — and the past "Stones" sounds, bark and steel. "Or, right, like, was it Ah, back the sea! (Ah right, mate, was it off the car!) Everywhere you see the rich Australian bush, especially for ivy-covered, rustic it is a wide new panorama of state open before you, peopled with dills, druggs, quacks, pinches, shagbuns, penfins, cockroaches, rubbings and a host of other colorfully named misanthropes.

"Bwah, mate, it's like you wanna chunda!"

Since the war American influence has gone growing with the vacuum left by the receding Empire. Spurred on by political talk slapping about the Yellow Peril, Australians have turned to America and all her wares with an unbridled enthusiasm which contrasts sharply with Canada's "rejection" and "rejection." When Americans say "junk" Australians leap first and only question afterward. The pioneer boom is still so full with things here, the great deal of success with the different industry that has kept the outside world has scarcely dried Australia's dream. It is almost like revisiting 1955. Everyone wears a suburban bangalow, two cars and a garden

game. American accents are in demand for TV commercials. But private life goes way to the dollar, petrol is becoming gas, and alleged hamburgers flood the land on a sea of Pepsi Australia in a Marlboro Country.

Yet somehow Sydney projects a sense of place that is distinctly Australian. Ideas and modes of life fashioned to suit harsher climates run mostly in the atmospheric air and are absorbed into the unique atmosphere. For the international expatriate, this city's benefits may be dull and restrictive, but the expatriate who Australian friends will want you to see any place much like skyscrapers anywhere (where else, though, would a round tower be solemnly named Austin Square? But you



can find the real delight of discovery by wandering for hours in crazy old streets of trees, beautifully restored terraced houses, their great deep balconies festooned with exuberant clematis and geraniums. Streets are laid with these trees and violet jacaranda — all flowers and no leaves — or palms, frangipani and yellow wattle. In summer the air can be heavy with the sweet miasma of tropical flowers.

It is best to enjoy Sydney quietly. All holidays are added to leisure to a degree that spoils. Canadians find a little relief. You can't badge them so you might just sit well relaxed and ride the ferries all day, or explore the endless harbor frontlands. But no matter what you do as Sydney, you will almost certainly find your apartment home on the magnificent beaches.

Like on the cliffs white reef, sea waves, white the white reef, the sea and the green blue rollers that have swept all the way from South America. For your special amusement. On weekdays they tumble shoreward rattled

with the harsh of swimmers catching a first ride to the beach. Weekdays belong to the divers and surfers. They ride up on pilings — mussels, oyster-beds, long to the surf — heads solid blue. Up on their boards swooping down a wave-front in frantic equilibrium a yard ahead of a waiting sea-toppling wave, the last of the class enters. Nine to two, swimming has always meant Ontario's Muskoka Lakes. Waikato was a beach, not a stormy Lake. Since shaking their life as changed. Perhaps in a moment of optimism I forget that I am a little different, older, the sea of years, and bowed a seaward.

The board was a plastic disk about the size and shape of an evening board. I walked in with the bag, lay on it, and sank. The hard northern beach is not so easily drained, however. You have to keep it moving, okay. I paddled like hell with my hands and had to remember to hold my breath every time a 10-foot breaker hit on my head. My rear lay in the water, but I was in the water. I reached the line where the legs of the solers were beginning to strangle me out. Trying not to see my knees as I surfed the eyes of a passing shark. I turned the board and watched over my shoulder as a Big One. The beach was a long way off.

The Big One looked like Scarborough. Walls on the surf. Paddle like hell, dipping. It caught me up and bore me off, dacing and rising toward the beach at 20 miles an hour. Your exposure stood up. I reflected, you could fly. I hung on. And then, just as I was rising on my white life and diving to trade in my parking garage on a surfboard, the wave turned on me and spat me out like a basketball. I shot off the end of the board, the wave fell on me and administered the washing machine treatment colloquially known as a "wopout."

When I paddled around to retrieve my board, a knockdown (legend is one) of these birds called searchily like an insurance company's convention celebrating a particularly grimy crime. Another roller was coming in from South America, both of us had found Australia remarkably. I heaved my board and stamped out to meet it. ■

#### Now to go, where to stay

The best time for Australia is summer. October to April. Provinces 15-25-day vacation rates. Montreal to Sydney, \$1,121. Toronto to Sydney, \$1,187. Vancouver to Sydney, \$1,411. All year-round by Gemini or CP Air. Weekly direct flights from Vancouver. Sydney's hotels are either quality expensive (\$25 Australian for two — about \$75 Canadian) — the luxury Melbourn or grandiose and quite cheap (\$35 Canadian per person at the Grandview) there is not much selection to be seen. Tours into the outback run from about \$50 for three days to \$500 for 35 days.

#### Only cost

"OFF obviously can't be employment covered, since you, in fact, employ in few young people."

"That is correct."

"You can't be development covered either, a few months period."

"No, we can't."

"Then, what are you?"

"We provide employment because of the intensity of four months holiday. I don't know why students should have four months' holiday and have to look for a job when they could on a year off their school program."

In spite of all its serious facts, OFF does go directly to people. MF and provincial governments have had more to complain about than the number of permits. What they haven't said is that OFF gives their authority. MF David MacDonald, the PC strap of OFF, states the program should include continuing to do that the previous could encourage activities they would like to see develop. What the strength of OFF is that it reflects to the job that, André Lapointe, Director General of Operations, says the money must go directly to youth groups.

Major William Deacon of Toronto thinks that "students should be obliged to go through managerial programs for summer jobs" because OFF grants "get into the hands of Conservatives who

want to bring the system down to its knees." Norman Melling, the Ontario government liaison officer with OFF, agrees that "indirect" should control the jobs and funds. "We fund the community and not the jobs." Melling explained that as Ontario funded staff service doing drug work would have a board of direction consisting of the local police chief, an alderman someone from the local hospital, a lawyer and an accountant. "The kids would be asked the direction of these people," he said.

OFF reduces the traditional education setup. Melling describes. And though one may reject the political motives for the program and consider the way it operates, the basic approach remains valid. OFF paved the way for LIP, which also took a broader spectrum of the unemployed. LIP has created 91,572 jobs, and has given options to people who have trouble remembering the last time they had one.

OFF — and LIP — could be experimental models of new programs for action where action is badly needed. Funding retired people to contribute their class and skills will benefit everyone. Most important, it will give people a renewed sense of self-worth. The idea could also be incorporated into the Department of Indian Affairs. Indians are developing their own socio-

economic and education programs. They are asking for funds to design social and educational programs that match their culture better than anything gifted on them from Ottawa. The Department of Consumer and Corporate Affairs might well fund career groups to study marketing packaging, thus involving the consumer in the solution of a problem the new events have angry and helpless. We might also look at other traditional premises of authority and authority who should really decide where an expert should be named or what kinds of plans should be used in short runs over heavily regulated areas. Should the Department of Transport meet the principle, or should citizens groups financed by the Department of Urban Affairs also be involved?

But Opportunities For Youth itself will become credible as more than a large-scale credit only when it accumulates some successful projects and launches motivated middle-class students to finance their own activities. It will become credible as more than a busy Band-Aid solution only when some serious shows a follow-up and community development. It will become credible as a "precarious of social change" if and when it starts out its study political engagements. That's a tall order. ■

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but that it was your life, and nobody could tell you what to do with it except yourself! The freedom we sought was nothing as superficial as being somebody. We were seeking total accountability for yourself and how you affected the world. But you couldn't live it in the 1970s; your parents had you had a career. Adrienne Clarkson also struggled to meet her own terms with her words help. But lately she turned her lessons in survival much easier. In any case this could be why the counter-culture trip turned away from negative to positive: from drugs and frustration to health and being in the country.

In 1968, Stephen Clarkson ran for mayor in 1968, partly by coincidence, I moved into a communal house I didn't want to, I was hoping to get back to Charles Jordan's school, but by then I was too much a part of the counter-culture to be the one who would teach a part of us. We were, at first in his house, half real and half people of our own creation, trying to keep the dream alive but slowly coming down the dunes. Somewhere along the way, the idea of this falls away. It's not about your natural teachers, self, roots, garden down, and all you come home because that's where you're happy.

It's been said of Mrs. Clarkson that her life is a work of art. Maybe she really is capable of that kind of perfection. I think, among on the tape recorder. Mrs. Clarkson is small, her body composed. Her features, a serene arrangement of features, are not without character. Her head is high, her eyes are clear, her chin is held up, perhaps to make certain with courage, her eyes are large, heavy-lidded and very cool. Her style and her voice are upper-class Anglo-Saxons. Her voice is strong, her words are clear, cultured, controlled, not girlish and hesitant, like mine. As the voice of a woman older than 33. She speaks in a modified version of what her father would say. After each sentence, she says "the usual account of upper-class Canada" but it has assumed their rhythmic long up, and assimilated them. It is surprising to hear this voice coming out of that person. It comes down from where, stately words around them and taken them. The demands of finding a word include one that fills the requirement of only qualified adjectives. Then she can talk about anything. All the while controlling how much she wants to reveal by her choice of words.

At the end of the interview, she says the best way to talk, her words expand and surround us both, spreading large and larger like one of those big bubbles you make by blowing through a plastic ring, they bubble slow, full of calm and pink and blue reflections. I figure

the put in my pocket.

As I listen to Mrs. Clarkson, I discover she lives on a different plane, a place where she can do things and know people and do things and do things to most other people. In her job, she meets and talks with all kinds of celebrities — she'd just returned from interviewing Celine Dion's Offense for Keanu's Clark, Spike Milligan and Arthur Koestler for this fall's *York 30* show. She doesn't just know the names of these people, she meets them and talks to them. When she says, "Edward Allen told me once that Herbert Gold was asked by an insurance to write plays with happy endings," she's not just saying so. (Edward Allen really did tell her that once. She reads a lot, and remembers what she reads, so she can tell you interesting things — that Ernest Hemingway said a vocabulary of only 2,500 words comparable to that of an Einstein, so her writing was much harder, but by using simple language he was able to teach a very deep one to people. As well, she has traveled extensively, and but what appears to be an intimate knowledge of Paris. These things she can add up to the different layers of life she inhabits.

#### HER STYLE AND VOICE ARE UPPER CLASS ANGLO SAISON; THEY COMBINE HER FEATURES

She reaches up, and puts down out of the air words like *incandescent*, and names like *Bacon Hamanstein*, words like *Gabriel*, words that only a person with extensive knowledge of their words could know. This world they come from seems to be a power up there somewhere, to which she is allied and from which she can draw strength and knowledge, pull them down and present them to you in the verbal equivalent of a direct slippping you with his glove a challenge. She's loaded with associations. But those are only the premonitions.

Like talks about Paris, nobody is talking to me. Mrs. Clarkson says, "I know I know have been there. I find them myself, but it doesn't hold much attraction for me any more."

Adrienne Clarkson: "Paris is a place of secrets, you know. Although it's physically very beautiful and accessible to anyone who arrives in it, it's more to walk around, it has so many layers of perception. You know that you can enjoy this street, for instance, just for its ordinary facade and all that's going on in it and all the shops and the people, and they know it, and they know it, and they keep it, and the kind of life that goes on and comes in the walls, but behind that there's another sort of life, and behind that one. Although there are many contradictions and I think that life should be simplified in many ways — at

least not made complicated — I think that you should accept the fact that there are many layers to life, and many many things that go on in different regions, to get it naturally is wrong. I suppose you could say that it's more like a penetration into an inner garden and down you open, and there's something you must in every stage."

Mr. "Do you think it gets more complicated, or do you think it's quite simple?"

Adrienne Clarkson: "Life is hard!" Mr. "Well, if you're thinking of Paris as a metaphor for life — I don't know, that's a very heavy question."

Adrienne Clarkson: "I'll not answer it either."

I think of Peter Gynn how he'd gone traveling far and wide in search of himself, and upon reaching off the concrete order of his home, found only a void at the core. He returns to the pit he's left behind him. Solving and solving "Where have I been all these years?" and the answer, "Here in my heart." Really as boys of permission is not only a story, it's very central, and quite disconcerting. As I listen, I discover that to say this, that in the time, I just think it's very mysterious.

She was in Paris to participate her novel *Ranger Town*, which was picked up from her New York publisher William R. Morrell and Company and translated into French by the time she'd signed the contract. She says she received a beautiful review in *Le Point*, which she offers to let me read (does the know I read French?). I ask her if the work appeared to be more appealing to the French sensibility. She says she didn't know what they were going to make of the Canadian background, the book is really about how the social life of Canada is represented on a certain level, but the French publisher was most interested in the heroine, Regina Adler, and her romance with Thérèse Margrave, a 50-year-old Senator.

Adrienne Clarkson: "I'm drinking very much with most of human life and trying to make it and digest it and trying to be a bit more realistic about it. I think that a lot of the confusion about it is people's minds in the English speaking version, was that they kept saying it to be a romance book, and it kept coming up as lost on them and it kept saying, 'You can romanticize it all.' It's a song in many ways, say, I mean, I didn't deliberately set out to do that, it's just what happened."

Perhaps English-speaking people are more into romance. I want to find out to see it, and some of them had to say I placed Emma and Stimpson, and then ordered it and read it. The problem was that I couldn't identify with the main character, who was introduced to her some time ago by myself. There continued on page 84

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## ADRIENNE

were one of the things I could have identified with. Regan's code is "heterosexual sensitivity." She is closed emotionally to the reader but thanks good things. There is always somebody coming, and people come and go efficiently. The writing is complex and witty. She gets off some good lines. "I am not particularly fond of the nude male body, and the genitals in particular look out of place in the molecular lengths and planes of masculinity like something placed on a Boeing 737 — clunk of style."

Mrs. Clarkson's novels are cryptic-

ally not autobiographical. I asked her if the fact that she was a writer, thingy personifies any in her mind, justifies a lot of the things she does. She answered, "Unfortunately not. I'm a little bit inhibited for that." Instead, she feels that when she's in a receptive mood, she can visualize a whole story from one phrase somebody says. The mystique of the novelist is what Paul King, then of *The Globe and Mail*, mentioned her as publisher of a *Lower Middle Class* and asked her if there was anything of herself in the book. She replied, "Novels are not a form of autobiographical art."

They're not a vehicle for the artist to tell you why he was severely injured. Instead, they're an adventure of the imagination. If you want a cool head, keep it dry, read Bertrand Russell." She was sharp. True in my opinion.

Later, while talking about French and French, she said, "I love going to Montreal to speak French to French people."

I think that if we were all bilingual in the way we would meet and exchange in both, I mean, really speak both French and English interchangeably. It's not enough to say I understand you French, you speak French and I'll speak English, you know, both all the time. I mean, if we were with a French Canadian who wanted to speak French, or if he wanted to speak English and so we spoke English, we would be able to fight out our basic disagreements on completely different and much more real grounds.

Me: "I used to live in Montreal, and I lived fast, even though I spoke French. I couldn't really, there was no way of communicating with French people there."

Adrienne Clarkson: "Really?"

Me: "The first thing was that their French was a lot different from the French that I spoke. And the other thing was that I got the impression that they didn't want to. All you could say was 'Nice try, suck it.'"

Adrienne Clarkson: "Well, I mean, if that's all, I mean sometimes if your language is more profane than that, you know, really, it has to be deeper than that. I just feel it's necessary for the survival of the country. I just feel very strongly about it. And that we have to do it, and if we can't do it for ourselves, we must do it for our children."

Well, that's away for Mrs. Clarkson, but what about the rest of us? Her personal desire to speak French takes precedence over the situation in Quebec? People there might not take kindly to wealthy Montrealers coming on points to prosper their language. But maybe the people she speaks French to aren't your average bourgeoisie. In which case, I'm convinced that France is far ahead of us, in spite of everything, she's cleaned it for her own.

She talks about women's lib. She seems really interested, but moderate. Perhaps the doesn't have to prove that she's liberated herself by not wearing a bra, or not having her hair cut, although it seems to me the fashion cry on my level is oppression. Maybe she just likes to look neat on television. After all, she's not a feminist. The New Women series. And she, too, covered the conference on women. And she, too, I passionately wanted to be on the Royal Commission on the Status of Women, but there was no one on a under 40. Still, I have the same ambivalence: is she interested in

really doing something or is women's lib something she can latch onto that can safely cross political and social lines?

She says she speaks out about taking the abortion law out of the Criminal Code every chance she gets, but adds that if women want the abortion law repealed they'll have to go after their MPs. That's a strange attitude: here is a powerful woman who, if she went out on a limb, might go a long way toward accomplishing what she advocates. She says she got arrested on women's lib through letters she'd received on Take 19 from isolated women in isolated places. But when she says of French women, "I still don't think they get equal pay for equal work, and still don't sort of technical side which is terribly important, although not so interesting to talk about." I figure she's quite interested in feelings and laughter and women's problems than in the issues.

I ask her if she feels there is any conflict between her women's lib views and the fact that she has a housekeeper. She says, "Well, she's a widow, she has her own children who've grown up and she calls us by our first names. It's not as if she were a Miss Jackson in a uniform." I wonder just what she introduces me to the woman who is wearing a gown several! This is a delicate issue. How can she do everything she does without a housekeeper? And yet, how can she call books on women's lib while you freedom to do as you thought at another woman's expense? I decide Mrs. Clarkson is more interested in having things work than in resolving such contradictions, or else she's missing the point of her cause.

I ask her if she's considered becoming a politician herself. Adrienne Clarkson: "Yes, well, I've been asked to run, but I can't because I don't think that is my time, for one thing. I'm not terribly happy the way things have gone for the last four years here. And I'm not convinced you know, party people. I've been a Liberal for a while — I think I've voted for every party in my voting career — and I think fundamentally if I were to endorse myself politically, the result would be a person that wouldn't fit into any one ideology."

I ask her about the NARET strike at the CBC, and here she takes a stand. "I felt basically that, in a way, I didn't want to work while these poor guys were out there starving on the picket line. They're all good friends of mine. You just said I wasn't put in the position of having to make a bitter choice. I mean, I don't think the CBC management ever would have. They would have just called contracts or something. But basically, I felt that unionists are very important people. I've worked with them for so long, there's not a single career one. I don't work with I know every

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GORDON from page 38

and precision and start write-offs for their expenditures on new equipment. (Over half this saving in corporation taxes will go to companies controlled by foreign parents, including General Motors which will receive an annual windfall of between \$10 and \$15 million. How crazy are we go?) And now a rebuke to the independence issue which again will be popular with some businessmen if by no means all of them. It is disturbing to remind oneself that some of the more determined and articulate spokesmen for Canadian business include the representatives of foreign corporations and those who do a profitable business with them. These are the very people who are contributing to the loss of our economic independence.

Whatever the reasons, Mr. Trudeau's decision not to do anything of consequence about the Canadian independence issue may have some very serious implications, both on the more immediate unemployment situation and for the long-term future of our country.

I was among those who supported Pierre Elliott Trudeau for the leadership of the Liberal Party in 1968. He is a talented, intelligent man with considerable confidence in himself and his abilities. He can be very charming, even though at times he can be uncompromising and cold. From personal conversations with him both before and after he became prime minister, I know that his views on Canadian independence were not dissimilar from my own. I was therefore particularly disturbed by his recent turnabout. In fact, I have been disappointed with the attitudes and lack of accomplishment of the Trudeau government on the two fundamental questions we are considering — Quebec and Canadian independence. I believe that both call for new approaches and a greater sense of urgency and boldness if Canada is to survive.

The main threat to Canadian independence, as I see it, lies in the substantial proportion of our larger companies, especially in the more dynamic industries, that are wholly or partially owned subsidiaries of foreign (mostly American) parent corporations. As a result, many of the key decisions on such things as the level and nature of production in Canada, pricing and purchasing policies, plant expansion, export policy, research, promotion of new products and scientific personnel are made outside this country and in the best interests, not of Canada but of the parent corporation's global or American operations. And obviously these decisions may have a direct bearing on the number of jobs available in Canada, to say nothing of the cultural dimensions of foreign domination.

The implications of all this have been pointed out often enough by a variety of

continued on page 39



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GORDON continued investigative bodies, and asking the Royal Commission on Canada's Economic Prospects as far back in 1957, by the Watkins Task Force in 1964, by the Wells Committee in 1970, and in the Gray Report of 1972. But the governments of these successive prime ministers have failed to deal with the issue.

No responsible person or investigating body has suggested that Canada should shut out all foreign capital in future. That would not be wise and certainly not necessary. What is suggested and what is desirable is that we should increase more broadly the scope of supervision over the activities of the very large Canadian business enterprises that are controlled by foreigners and over new foreign capital inflows for direct investment in our economy.

Despite the fact that the Prime Minister has said in effect, that his government does not propose to do anything effective about this vital issue, I shall set down my own prescription for dealing with it. These measures aren't radical or dramatic or impractical. They are simple measures that a government with will and fortitude could effect.

1. A Foreign Control Agency should be established, administered by a single official (or a small board) who should work with senior deputy ministers and report directly to a deputy minister. The Agency should be responsible for the following functions:

- Supervising the operations of foreign-controlled subsidiary companies in Canada. In the case of manufacturing concerns, imposing large quantities of parts or components from parent or affiliated companies abroad. The Agency should urge the development of competitive sources of supply in Canada. In the case of exporters of industrial raw materials, the Agency should urge, where appropriate, that further processing take place in Canada prior to export. In these instances and in cases where the Canadian industry is threatened from exporting its products anywhere in the world, the Agency should advise the minister in the exercise to be followed to re-assure employment opportunities in Canada.
- Reviewing all take-over of Canadian resources and business enterprises and recommending to the minister any other, in the opinion of the Agency, should be approved. The Agency itself should be authorized to turn down proposed take-overs that it does not consider to be in the best interests of Canada.

(c) Reviewing all proposals for foreign aid for new developments in Canada. The Agency should advise the minister of the general policy of the federal government on foreign-owned

control of Canadian enterprises and resources. For the time being, the Agency should not, however, have authority to prevent or block any proposed developments that would provide employment in this country if they are approved by the provincial government concerned.

2. As to the use in Ontario grain or subsidies for stimulating industry in Canada, including grants for research and the development of new products, should be returned to enterprises that are controlled in Canada.

3. Leading agencies in Canada should be provided from advancing funds to foreign firms for the purpose of acquiring Canadian-controlled enterprises or resources or for the expansion of foreign-controlled enterprises in Canada.

4. Eric Kesteven's suggestion that the tax rate on foreign-controlled corporations in Canada should be the higher of the Canadian rate or the rate prevailing in the foreign parent corporation's home country should be studied carefully and, if practical, implemented. Alternatively, other incentives should be provided to encourage Canadian enterprises and innovation.

5. Consequently with the introduction of the above measures, the government should state that within, say, two years, two thirds of the direction of all the larger companies in Canada, including the larger foreign-controlled subsidiaries, should be Canadian citizens who are not either employees or professional consultants to such companies. Ontario has already made a move in this general direction.

6. The government should state that, within five years, it will request the owners of the larger foreign-controlled subsidiary companies in Canada to make arrangements for a majority of the shares of such subsidiaries to be sold to Canadian or Canadian insurance. At the same time, it should be stated that the proposed Foreign Control Agency will have authority to extend the time for such disposition of control beyond the five-year period in special circumstances. (To begin with, the phrase "larger foreign-controlled subsidiaries" might include only those subsidiaries with a net worth in excess of \$500 million or whose net profits after tax exceed \$25 million annually.)

(A prescription of this kind will be criticized on the grounds that Canada could not afford to buy back control of the larger foreign-owned subsidiary companies. But the responsibility

continues on page 70

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for effecting stock transfers of control would rest with the foreign parent corporations. In some cases, they could sell the shares of their Canadian subsidiaries. From all indications, there will be ready purchasers available, including the larger pension funds. In other cases, the shares in question could be exchanged for long-term debt securities. If the transfer of funds involved became excessive, the effect would be a devalued pressure on the Canadian dollar, which would be beneficial in terms of our employment opportunities.

It can be argued that even if majority control of the shares of a company are held by Canadians represented by a majority of the directors of such company, effective control could still be wielded by the owners of a minority of the shares, for obvious example the former foreign parent corporation. The Foreign Control Agency should be given the necessary powers to deal with such instances.

Social democrats may argue that nothing is to be gained by exchanging control from foreign capitalists to Canadian capitalists. This is an argu-

ment put forward by those who favor change in our present economic systems quite apart from the question of independence. It is not as important as it is directly relevant when examining reasons for dealing with the Canadian independence issue within the context of our present systems. So much for such criticism. A broad policy of the kind I've outlined could be successful, gradually and over a period of years, in reducing the present level of foreign ownership of our business enterprises and resources. As a result of this, the influence that foreigners now wield over the Canadian economy would be diminished and the threat to Canada's continued independence would be reduced.

About two years ago, I had an opportunity of testing the reactions of a group of U.S. businessmen and bankers to a program of this kind. Naturally enough, they said they would not like it. But they added that they could live with it, as I suggested, they were given ample time to adjust to the new arrangements. I indicated the impression that they felt five years would be ample.

The proposals I have put forward refer only to the control that foreigners now wield over the Canadian economy. This is primarily the responsibility of the federal government. In addition there is the whole broad question of the influence of foreigners on our culture and our way of life. Provincial governments should be urged to see that textbooks in the social sciences are written from a Canadian perspective and reflect Canadian points of view. There is the question of too concentrated a foreign viewpoint in some departments and facilities in some of our universities. And there is the need to reserve for Canadians adequate facilities for cottage and recreational uses. These and other aspects of the problem of Canadian independence should not be overlooked in any comprehensive program for dealing with it.

Following the announcement in early May that the government was now going to face up to the independence issue, an old schoolteacher of mine, who must be 85 years old but is as alert mentally as he ever was, wrote me a note of encouragement. He had used mantras of the present situation of 1911 when another supposed French-Canadian prime minister inaugurated the feelings of Canadianism on the reciprocity issue. My friend informed me that, at the beginning of the campaign, most people assumed that Sir Wilfrid Laurier would win the election easily. But later on the public began to fear that the adoption of reciprocity with the United States would result in the loss of Canada's independence. Sir Wilfrid was defeated.

While I am not predicting that Canada

continued on page 72



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### QUEBEC (continued)

ber should be permitted to examine the right of self-determination if by doing so the rest of Canada would be driven willingly into the arms of the Americans. How reasonable would it be they ask, to allow the right of self-determination to a majority, the citizens of Quebec if by doing so the future of the majority, the people in all the other provinces, would be jeopardized?

Still other Canadians who have thought about what might happen if Quebec should opt for independence believe the prospect of peaceful separation to be unrealistic. They suggest that, in the process of separation, some Quebecers — both French and English-speaking — might get lost, physically as well as in the loss of language to their property, and would appeal for help. Canadians in other provinces might be ready to provide that help. Conversely, this could lead to civil war with all the horror stories that have been told. While all of us might hope that somehow or other such anxiety would be avoided, there could be no certainty that it would be. In the light of this uncertainty, we should be concentrating our efforts on seeing that such a calamity is avoided. To put it another way, if the present frustration in Quebec could lead to the breakup of the country and even perhaps to civil war, we should be willing to do almost anything to lessen the anxiety involved.

There are those who believe that some form of associate status for Quebec would be the answer. If this were the only alternative to civil war, perhaps it would have to be considered. But there are many others, including a majority of French-speaking Canadians who remain federalists, who would reject a solution that in effect would reduce them to Quebec. These people are Canadians in every sense of the word, quite apart from the fact their ancestors came to this country long before most of ours did. It would be a tragedy for everyone if all the talented people in Quebec who have come to the fore since the Depression era and the quiet revolution were prevented from participating and contributing fully in all aspects of Canadian life. Quebecers have shown they can produce outstanding leaders in every field, including the arts, education, medicine and other professions. In politics and government administration and more recently in business and finance as well Canada would be the weaker without their full participation. I do not believe, therefore, that anything as fatal as associate status is the answer. Fortunately, there is another solution that might be more acceptable to a majority of Quebecers and to Canadians in general.

To begin with, we must acknowledge that Quebec is not and never has been a province like the others. French and

Laurentian and their colleagues did not by inference with the "opening up" legislation of 1963, which permitted any of the provinces to assume the responsibility for certain programs but was designed primarily for Quebec. And it was Quebec that took full advantage of it. The same approach could now be extended to apply to all other social security programs (health insurance, life insurance, the Canada Assistance Plan, etc.) with the auspices of unemployment insurance. Under the original arrangement, the provinces that decide to "opt out" of certain federal welfare activities in favor of their own legislation to maintain the national standard in each case. Such decisions should not be necessary any longer. If Quebec (or other provinces) wished to modify any of the existing social security programs, or even the whole existing welfare system, it would be unlikely to do so in a way that would be detrimental to its citizens. The federal government has expressed an willingness not to proceed with any new provincial social security programs directly under federal terms by the provinces without their prior consent. What I am suggesting is that this concept be applied also to the terms and conditions of those programs that are already in existence.

There are great differences not only in the living standards but also in the way of life in the several regions of Canada. The principle of transferring tax benefits from the richer to the poorer provinces has been accepted and should be maintained. At the same time, it is unlikely that this principle will ever be carried to the point where the average income of people in the outposts of Newfoundland, for example, will equal that of the residents of, say, Calgary or Vancouver. Such disparity is not exclusive to Canada. Everyone knows that the people who live in Appalachia or Tennessee are considerably less well off on average than those who live in Texas or California. In Britain, the same thing is true of those who live in some parts of Scotland or Wales. We should not expect it would be otherwise in a country such as Canada, stretching as it does some 4,500 miles from east coast to the other and with great regional disparities in the availability of natural resources.

If the federal government had not taken the initiative in introducing a variety of welfare programs, some parts of Canada would not copy nearly as successfully a system of social security as they do now. And if obvious differences were to develop between provinces in such things as health insurance or unemployment benefits, there could be a tendency for people to move to places where the benefits were greater. But that of this, it is essential that all programs in the field of social welfare be

administered with exact uniformity in every part of Canada! In there any valid reason why provincial authorities should not be given almost more liberty than they now have, not only in the formal administration of social security programs but also in the way the payments are administered? Few people would be likely to move in or from, say, Quebec because family allowances have not been applied and administered in exactly the same way as they are in other parts of Canada.

In the past, the federal government has been the powerful centralizing force not only in introducing social legislation of all kinds but in promoting economic growth. It will be needed in the future to give leadership in such fields as pollution, economic policy (possibly including the introduction of price and wage controls), supervising monopolies and oligopolies, and countering the dominating influence of foreign firms over our economic and cultural affairs. But surely these objectives can be reconciled with the concept of a greater measure of control over its own internal affairs by the province of Quebec. Before discussing the thought of a continuing Canada under a somewhat less centralized government in Ottawa, we should ourselves be possible and prefiguring alternatives. A less centralized administration of social security could result in real benefits for the ordinary citizen. Those who are on the receiving end of our welfare programs frequently feel remote from the Ottawa authorities, from officials who may not always be sensitive to the varying needs of people living in different parts of Canada.

While I would have no reservations about transferring full responsibility for all welfare programs — and perhaps for a few other less important matters at

well — to those provinces that might wish to assume it, there are some policy areas which should always remain in Ottawa hands. Among these are vital areas such as the control of defense, foreign policy, monetary and fiscal policy, banking (extended to include various other financial institutions such as trust companies), management of the public debt, trade and commercial policy (customs), and immigration. But in the field of social security, Quebec (and other provinces) ought well to be given the option of acquiring full authority for the administration as well as for levying the taxes required in place for the programs.

Though some federal politicians and some members of the federal civil service might likely oppose it, the initiative for any such plan of decentralization would have to come from Ottawa. It would need to be developed in a broad and generous fashion if it were to be accepted wholeheartedly both by Quebec and by the other provinces. There would be no point in pursuing the implementation of such a program of decentralization unless Quebec were willing at the same time to agree to changes in the Constitution, abolishing a democratic formula for amendment.

But if there is a chance that a more flexible and understanding attitude would Quebec under a formula of this kind would reduce the tensions in this province to some insignificant extent and thereby reduce the threat of separation, should it not be tried? Especially when separation involves the possibility of civil conflict? I believe that we should be able to avoid a breakup of our country indefinitely if we continue to pretend that Quebec is a province like all the others. Why not admit that she is different, better, not after, we are confronted with a national catastrophe? ■



Ever since he delivered his sight of message on Channel 6



various string of track peddled with pools and paddies. Between them a few hardy souls poked over the track between the paddies, but the majority of the crowd was stuck in the track. The descendants of Sir Walter Raleigh called their ladies high in their dress (tight and other southern fashion). The first indicated outsiders out on the track peddled water with their handkerchiefs.

In retrospect the coming disaster for Ron Ridge was clearly prefigured. Most of the horses who won the pre-Presidents races but ran at Penitence, or their progenies were French imports, and on the night of the race, the rain fell and sprayed the dirt of the field into muddy submission. The rail finally performed upon a shortness applied like a coat. Only the 3-4-3 slots looked at all possible. Everything on the inside was slipping, and the water driven for the first time. In the seventh race a horse called Sweeney Hobble skidded down to the rail, tried to duck away, skidded again and threw at the rail. Falling it broke in two and had to be discarded. It stood in the rain falling. The horse was the same, was to take a away, in the first dangle, it increased a terrifying sight as the first barrel of it. That sound was still in the air as the horses came out on the track for the President.

After the first down fall the grey sky riders on the lead horses were wrapped in yellow or orange within a flicker, jockeys leapt over their mounts, called dithered unhappy with the feeling. The pre-race warm-ups were cancelled, then the jockeys were called to their horses in the middle of the track, or head for the higher slopes on the turn. On the side behind Ron Ridge was close to 1-5. This one Maryland horse in the race, Ron Bee Bee, fell in the first turn, on the 21-1. The horse was a dark chestnut with grey legs. The jockeys were Key To The Mint and Sir Lee Haze.

The instant the horse broke from the gate, we knew something had gone wrong for Ron Ridge. It seemed out of control in between and skidding. Ron Bee Bee took to the front, behind it a scramble and it was unstable. Ron Ridge came on twice Toronto made a run at an opening only to see a close up on Ron Bee Bee take away from the rail. He had a mile to go but finally seemed to break through — and here versions of what happened differ. In Toronto, Laura's version Toronto missed of taking off after Ron Bee Bee looked for the start. Key To The Mint took a right turn on Ron Ridge, the second according to a friend, that the horse spun its bit. In Toronto's version the horse tried to make a run at Ron Bee Bee but just couldn't get a one-half on the sloppy footing. Back in the new home of the jockey race, the horse was charged by an, an unfortunate, but the jockey race the time he'd catch that the

over but in the pen box was to race Ron Bee Bee would follow after a mile. I didn't even see him still hanging onto the lead. Some the race was between Sir Lee Haze, Ron Ridge and Key To The Mint. I was stunned to see Ron Bee Bee who across the back last first.

A deadly silence hung as the air. A speed horse had once again entered a big one. A horse whose career was a small fraction of Ron Ridge's close home under a small truck. My old friend called Eddie Nelson who had won the previous race in a steady the same way — breaking a front and trying to get the lead all the way.

In one stroke Ron Bee Bee had destroyed all possibility of a Triple Crown for Ron Ridge. For Meadow Stable (or Kentucky) So who was going to take the top for the race?

Alone and back passing as in each a part of racing as horses and riders. If 10 horses go and only one was won, how have to explain how come. Nine trainers who have convinced me own that each of these horses can do a mile have to explain why they did not. I did not. It can't be that the horse wasn't ready because of that, let me to satisfy the owner wouldn't have let it run. It can't be that the horse isn't in the state of the owner because that was the owner wouldn't have entered it. It can't be the condition of the track because the great horses can handle all kinds of track conditions — and all 10 trainers and 10 owners know their horse is a great one. None of something accidental could be the reason. The horse shed it in shadow, stepped in a hole, ducked away from a diving jet or pigeon, was bounced by another horse, lost a shoe, was struck by lightning — that of course, everybody in a home, they. No trainer, owner or any of the horse was thought quite professionally involved in anything terrible and poor. Not that the race to explain how come he left a horse in who just not been entering, and has just 50 or 60 pounds more in the first.

Using The owner himself doesn't want to slip his own horse since the money put out at the youngling sale or the meeting in broad lines. So that's the jockey. Not that jockeys want, and don't want to run. In the state of the horse, severely compromised riding Toronto off Ron Ridge in the Belmont.

So back to case, in most people who follow racing know to win something long-length victory over Barman in the Belmont. No Lee Haze was possibly to be in the race. The owner thought if the owner had bargained in a regular jockey for Sir Lee Haze, Cordeiro Jr. Key To The Mint was disposed of early. Ron Ridge saved horse fall of run and looking of over again, like the new horse of the jockey's contrary. Toronto, Laura's jockey Mrs. Twedy was herself

All jockeys, even the best established know that even to be bumped off a horse because the word has gone out that the horse is not to be ridden. It was Ron Bee Bee who was the horse, or maybe because. But not even Shockeyer to continue to being bumped off a horse in favor of another rider. Nor a Belmont, or Angel Cordeiro Jr., or Laffie Pincay Jr. of Toronto, or any other of the top 10 horses who riding on major North American tracks.

For days after the Presidents Laura was quoted in detail. The prize for her comments was Ron Toronto. And if that wasn't bad enough, is the Mother of the second race in the Triple Crown for Sir Lee, Toronto again as a Summer Guest, come third to Susan's Girl and Wanda racing and took to the wire. This time the cup was put on him by the state. Eddie Nelson who had placed him so high in the Black-Eyed Susan. On two successive Saturdays Toronto had seemingly lost all the confidence those stage trainers had been showing as he went right up to the Presidents start.

When the second after the Presidents when I came out to Belmont only to see how the fans would greet a losing Toronto. I was surprised. Loud hand-peddling. As someone who had lost on a 1-5 shot Toronto might have expected loss.

"Water under the bridge, Ron," someone said, "don't let it get you down."

"Nobody could ride on that shot Ron," someone else said about forgotten.

As Toronto got up on his first morning, a big fat Mafia guy belittled.

"Look out for Ron Bee Bee, Toronto."

"Don't listen to that stuff, Ron," someone on the other side of the paddock yelled. "We're with you, boy."

Toronto in that race, happily ran last.

In the days that followed, the papers were full of quotes about Toronto's "fearful" ride. Eddie Nelson took Toronto off Summer Guest in the Hempstead Handicap — and the horse won by 4 lengths! There was even talk of Key Haze riding Ron Ridge. Or Shockeyer taking him in. All talk, however, severely compromised riding Toronto off Ron Ridge in the Belmont.

Again, though undeniably and the race didn't put a Triple Crown.

To make the Toronto story complete, the day after the race, when he had to have Ron Toronto back on Summer Guest in the \$300,000 Coaching Club American Oaks the following Saturday. Toronto who had won two front-running races on Ron Ridge. It will be on him come from Kentucky, Black-Eyed Susan was a Summer Guest. That race the horse didn't run and he got up, and it was again going away.

Trainers like the formerly suspended Rudy Amos, who kept asking for press Ron Toronto was the best (owner) in the business, had Ron Ridge's Kentucky Derby and Belmont. Susan was to talk about. Others, like Horatio Lura, Northern Dancer's owner, would see the word about Ron Toronto's ability to come from Belmont, had Susan's Queen's was to point to still others, knowing Ron is a Canadian and remembering how well he did on the turf his first season at Saratoga will tell you Toronto's ability to ride. They thought of the best. The mystery of the prize is always ready to reverse. If Toronto loses the present say he looks out riding horses by making them take the lead, or has the first coming again. So he had.

Steve Cady, a younger turf writer for The New York Times and a great admirer of Toronto's mind, thinks Toronto will never be an "in" rider. He doesn't do any of the usual "in" jockey things like wearing and he doesn't have a agent, Sir Schenck, says, "Ronnie's one of the most built around." He goes to Moss on Sunday. He's a real family man who lives in an unpretentious house in an unpretentious suburb of Long Island with his ex-schoolteacher wife, Gustine, and three daughters, six, five and three. His house is always teeming with New Brunswick relatives, race people like himself. Ron thinks nothing of leaving them his Cadillac in station wagon. For the rest everything is modest. Most of his money is safely held in banks, or in the old real estate venture. He detests the stock market. The winningest goal at the back of his head is small, with almost no killing spirit. Second is the house. In fact of togetherness and plaques and special citations. As things look now Toronto will most certainly have another year of trophies — and two million dollars plus in purses.

Last year Ron Ridge had broken his maiden last two weeks after the Belmont Stakes. Few of the good two-year-olds have made their appearance at yet. Toronto didn't get to ride Ron Ridge till August 2, 1971. From that date to the end of the year they won that good half million.

He'll continue to ride Ron Ridge in the \$100,000 added stakes races scheduled at the major tracks in July. He'll be riding the race, which is the 1970 World Derby. By way of course, Ron Ridge is being owned to walk off with a track's available dough. Ron Ridge will be a top attraction if he returns to stand in aid. And one might hope Ron Toronto will be a top attraction if he returns to stand in aid. Most of course, showed their real stuff at four-year-olds.

Saratoga, Saratoga has only begun to see the July day that they lost the \$300,000 Monmouth Stakes only.

And yet it's still not home first for Ron Toronto. There's no way he's going to become an Eddie Belmonte — any more than it's possible for Eddie Belmonte to become a Ron Toronto. So the rail writers will go on talking about how Ron was this and Cordeiro was that and when Ron Ridge's name comes up how the horse was really only some thing.

When the writers are prejudiced, owners and trainers must look to self-interest. Anybody who won Ron Toronto was the Derby, the Wood Memorial on Ron Ridge's stablemate Upper Cut, the Belmont, the Coaching Club, or any other of the dozens of stakes races he has already won, knows that on any given day any owner or trainer who wants to go far has one winning chance must consider the availability of Ron Toronto. He has made it in the top with no one else, no public relations push.

Toronto, called Canada, will win whoever he goes. Riding just a "Canadian kid" in the first talking race has had to prove to be a handicap and a burden. But when Ron talks about the jockey he has played, who from appears, he looks in the dirt when playing with his three little daughters.

When George Knudsen on the pre-race golf trail, his being Canadian is merely an interesting fact. He is, with Ferguson Jenkins, Reggie Cleveland, and five baseball fans over here, now in Canadian. Longdon Adams, Wolf fell right into the American pattern, too.

But Ron Toronto is an immortal in New Brunswick folklore as the owner that drove him to Toronto. Where you use has at the big time thing his own person, you learn about him but you also learn something about the Minister, or our first jockey, or what's happened and it is when you get energy in our national character. The big-time racing scene is partly no longer than a New Brunswick winter, or unemployment, or a strike, or a local riot. That's what this "Canadian kid" is about. And it's through him, Canada is impressive.

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BY JOHN HOFESS



Genevieve Bujald

## Journey To The End Of The Road

At no time in the past is it likely that people saw themselves as being in a golden age or even a silver one, more likely it was the age of least, they saw themselves emboldened. Denner has always dogged men's heels. Cynicism has always been the philosophy of least resistance.

Yet every age had the good fortune to produce artists who worked against the grain. Where there was disenchantment, they created harmony and melody. Where there was ugliness, cruelty and a hopeless acquiescence to both, they created poignancy, sculpture, poetry and dreams of remarkable beauty and sensitive feeling. Some people, when placed in a tragic situation simply want to give in, give up and cry. The artists I admire have a tenacious grip on life. Instead of becoming that life is meaningless, they create meaning. If man has no dignity, they give him some.

My favorite kind of art, be it film, music or literature, is rooted in a thoroughly disillusioned realism. That is its base and its confusion. It recognizes human frailty, it has seen fall with the self-deception, perversion and moral turpitude of human beings. It does not overlook man's limitations, its overblown looks beyond them. It is art that always speaks plainly and clearly. It is never more complex than its subject matter requires. Its objective is to clarify our lives and make them more intelligible. Apart from offering enormous insights, it may not offer any other consolation in life.

Paul Almond's *Journey* starring Genevieve Bujald and John Vernon is a film that collides with all of these standards. If it were simply a curious, unattractive failure (like *Another Switch For Paradise*) or another example of show-business opportunism (like Tom Hatten's *Cannibal Ferox*) it would deserve what commentators instead, it is an obscure miracle, a tragic error.

Paul Almond is one of the few Canadian film makers with the integrity, taste and intelligence to create great original art. He never plays a very game of manipulating filmic elements. In *Journey*, he has created a director's cut, a take, and that after the unconvincing but limited success of *Hubert and Art Of The Mouse* the end career for a film with popular appeal, he has created a film that is either extremely meaningless, or else so impenetrably personal it is to be intolerable to any outsider.

*Journey* is a film that cannot exist. One is a beautifully photographed, realistic study of primitive film life. The other is a madhouse metaphysical muddle that makes no sense. The setting is the Saguenay River region on Quebec's North Shore, a few miles from Tadoussac. Apart from the haunting scenic background, the main act is a log cabin settlement longingly built with an increasing sense of peril-dread. So much can be gone into the meaning of the film, so much that it is hard to do has been done well, that it only increases the pain of seeing the film disintegrate into potboilers through dialogue that sounds as if it was written by Kahlil Gibran in a stupor. I have never been able to read the New Testament without conviction and had it been one of the crowd that listened to Jesus relate a parable, probably would have said "Well, what was that all about?" Listening to someone who has marbles in his mouth is bad enough without listening to someone who has marbles in his mind and can only talk about life through an apnea haze. The central novel of interest in mythology, the occult, in a pop-art Christ, in a wave of emotionalism. It brings to mind a cage of dumb, frightened creatures perched on a

over's edge. They have, though at dusk evolution, made most of the war over the war and last, blanching was that they're losing their grip. They're doing their best to stay afloat. They are so much tested for going backward than they are for going forward. They will perish in a morass of bewilderment and loss.

*Journey* is not made to exist alone in any fashionable busy thinking. But one type of work is pretty much like another. Only in its realistic scenes does the film have a quick, live pulse. Its scenes of chasing and catching work, the getting of a pig, the birth of a calf, the feeding and harvesting of crops. Almost cruelly, it is so much more to Robert Flaherty's classic documentaries and to the unliking voice of Louis Buwalda's *Les Gladiateurs* and Georges Franju's *Boyer Of Sodom*. These vivid images are reinforced by Luke Gibson's folk songs. In such portions of the film there is every evidence of a sensitive, strongly visual sensibility at work. But then the characters begin to speak. "Where am I?" "Where do I live?" "What do I do?" "I feel I've been here before? Where is here?" and so on. Their dilemma is not particularly interesting, it is never clearly defined. And a goes unexplained. The film continues to be fragmented and illogical that even Genevieve Bujald cannot make them convincing. She gives a valiant performance, rather than a moving one, because it is impossible to connect with her story. The film makes no connection to common sense. It is the most sickly looking film since *Law Year At Marston*. If *Journey* surprises at this comparison, however, it calms by it. For instead of feeling that you are in the presence of an intricate puzzle, elegantly formulated in a brain trust, *Journey* doesn't surprise; confusion is its unexplained plot. Moments of offbeat comedy work with clarity. *Journey* is never confused.

If Paul Almond would speak to plainly on film he is lost in every day life and comments on material closer to people's lives, he would, I believe, create fine films. It should be no accident for him to forsake his education here and shock readers. He is the least revealing of his films. His films are meaningless unless they are viewed in making a film that relates to people. *Journey* doesn't communicate. It is very much a case of revealing it. It adds to life's confusion instead of clarifying a part of it. I doubt that the foggy and locked-down feeling in *Journey* is explainable. It is a sense of confusion, badly defined at several points and an unclear film experience. Or that will pass as a "second" movie, a good-looking entertainment for much that are easily beguiled. It is most probable that it is a crushing defeat for Almond. It's only because this real journey is only beginning.

**Recommended:** *The Canadians* starring Robert Redford, Peter Boyle, Malvina Douglas and Don Porter, is a rather political film that is neither excessively cynical nor generous. It is a commendable try to depict the black and white world of politics by tracing the course of a senatorial race in California. Where it falls short is in being so its central character. Bill McKinley (Redford) is a man who begins as a somewhat idealistic and becomes increasingly positive and confused as he is "psychoed" by campaign managers, speech writers and advertising agencies. The film would be stronger if he were stronger. As it is, one concludes only that politics is no place for anti-heroes, and that hardly seems a cautionary message. ■

John Wayne is a Canadian film director and actor.



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But he will have a hard time making that is to make. Another choice to volunteer. For magazines offer him a choice. He can read your ad but he doesn't have to. A magazine and doesn't come at him. He has to come out.

And sending takes work. It's costly. Reading is something

you can't simply be exposed to. It's something you have to be involved in. That means that when a consumer does read your advertisement he has already decided that it is of interest to him. And we all know it is a lot easier to sell someone who has decided for himself that he is willing to be sold.

Now we wouldn't claim that magazines are the only viable medium. Television does have an important place in the marketing of many products.

But television simply can't offer the kind of opportunity for personal choice and involvement.

And since most magazines are sold at a discount, television really can't offer as much of the same. Previous element of time. In magazines, the advertiser can take as much time as he needs to tell a full, credible story. And since magazines are sold at a

discount, the consumer is allowed as much time as he needs to digest your message.

Now and more companies are choosing magazines as the best way to present their full story to our Volunteer Audience. More and more companies are depending on magazines as the reason why professionals in their profession exist, in which each of a comprehensive media is assigned a role based on its special capabilities.

When you tell your story in magazines, you are telling it to people who have chosen to read it voluntarily.

Get yourself involved with our Volunteer Audience. In magazines.

# MAGAZINES

the magazine advertising market • based on the magazine industry



Ever since Margaret Atwood published her first collection of poetry, *The Circle Game*, in 1966 (and won the Governor General's medal for it), there has been a certain consensus in the literary circles of the literati in this country that she is special — a contender for the championship, maybe even deserving of those accolades that have always been the highest honour we can bestow on an artist — "worthy of international recognition," "rememberable by any standards," meeting the standards of London and New York.

This fall she's publishing a book called *Shawls*, her second novel, which should command her an audience beyond the universities and the publishing houses and the poetry reading audiences in high school auditoriums because it is quite simply superb, the product of a talent that's maturing, naturally out of its own internal authority.

The book is a journey, backward in time, northward in space, taken by the narrator, a woman in her late twenties who tries to go home again but because she thinks she can't because the Irish she met, she's been sent to the island in the Quebec book, she grows up by a letter from a French Canadian neighbor telling her that her father, a refugee in disguise, has disappeared, leaving the door of his cabin open and his house and up to the dock. She's brought with her three or four friends, a couple who own the old shell-fished car that takes them there and her lover, a man who makes poetry (this doesn't work) and has a head like the bullfinch on the U.S. nickel, hairy, small-eyed and unimpressive. The men are making a film (they've never made one before but they're "the new Renaissance Men, you teach yourself what you need to know"). The other woman whose name is Doris, and who seems white, tells her because the narrator makes her look like it, is doing for the ride, singing *Edith Piaf* in a voice she hopes is throaty, talking incessantly out of a mind she thinks is hip or is least responsive to "love."

They spend a week caught in the isolation of the bush while the narrator waits for her father in the undergrowth and for himself in the madness of her mind. ("The trouble other people have being German I have being human.")

The ways in which the novel is remarkably as easy as it moves from the plain propositions of the opening chapters onto the knotty edge of madness and fantasy that are characteristic of Atwood's vision. Clearly Margaret Denbigh and Devin Leung are as good at conveying what goes on in the mind of a woman trying to deal with the little breakdowns inflicted on her body and spirit by the harsh politics of sex.

But what makes the book so important is the way in which Atwood is able to deal with the country that made her. When she writes about politics, the highest it gets is the edge of the river (The Solids, *Blue Moon Cottage*), the Mole, *Black Cat*, *John Savelle* or describes the Americans trying to buy a plane to fish out a lake, shopping at mosquitoes ("now, you we'll go to Florida"), begging the hotel guides with their olive Pilsner barons, duck-out at the back to produce more and bigger pain, she's dealing with what we know about ourselves through on the writer with the ease of total acceptance: from right inside the culture, understanding our experience, holding up a mirror so that the things we get back is not distorted by mine or made unreal by proselytizing, not disguised as "universal" for the export market, not aimed at the *Leacock* media but real — as real as, say, the *Chicago Tribune*. It's this space, this place, as aware as the *Times* *Norway* *Time*

BY CHRISTINA NEWMAN



Margaret Atwood

## In Search Of A Native Tongue

question, "Where is Here? Here is where we've been and when we go again it'll be different, clearer because Atwood's written about it."

Now I can't think of another country where this would be described as an unusual first because what she's doing, of course, is fulfilling the novelist's function. But to know how remarkable it is in this country that's been colonized in long in its own mind, where the poets have been able consistently to get at our reality but the novelists have not, you have only to take a look at the work of the current champion novelist, Michael Ondaatje.

Ondaatje also has a new book out this fall, called *Shoeless Traveller*. It's not a novel but a collection of his magazine pieces from the *Nation*, *Saturday Night* and *Commentary*. Still, Ondaatje is a writer, whether he's writing novels as a novelist or as a novelist, whether he's the same old Michael, witty, sensitive, brilliant, rich with insight but "young," as he says, "someone with a use for everything, even information" — and even for expediency his own paired embarrassment at having been born Canadian. In these pieces he talks about how he writes, why he writes, which writers he reads, how he writes, how he learned to write, and there is something shockingly familiar about all of it, like the boiled buttered cabbage your father used to make you swallow, not just because so much of it is re-wrote material (Ondaatje invented recycling) but because the attitudes in expression have grown cold and stale.

What's real in Ondaatje is his own pain. What's important to him is that he's asked this pain to other places, London, Paris, Surrey, far from where it was cultivated. What's unusual in his country and his countrymen.

In Richard's mind, Canadianism is often a more motivated or unattested than moonstruck — love, home, folk, people suffering from the unforgivable failure of not having been born American (New York, New York, The Big Time). Every attitude he expresses springs out of an impossible yearning to be something or somebody else so that in the end he becomes a parody of a classic type — the provincial who's home in Rome, who can't wait coming back again to boast of the wonders he has seen, to dazzle with his gossip, his standards and his style, thereby denying his engagement in the absurdities he left behind. ("Gently I let on that Terry Serfless had left I wrote old friends E. M. Forster asked me the question: he always asked young Americans/Canadian was across the ocean? Time applauded me/Newsweek bowed/even though I was accepting of a country cousin" and on and on.)

What's disturbing about all this is that Richard once seemed to me and my friends, people now in their advancing thirties to be a kind of spokesman for us, what's interesting is that he now seems to recede and so broad into the past to look with him to Europe 20 years ago.

Richard is 41. Atwood is 52. But so much happened here between the time he left in the Fifties and she began writing in the Sixties, there could be half a century between them. They've both become archetypes. He represents the old consciousness, the represents the new. He's still trying to connect his past, our past, she's searching through it to find our roots.

**Shawls:** Margaret Atwood. McClelland and Stewart. \$6.95. **Shoeless Traveller:** Michael Ondaatje. McClelland and Stewart. \$6.95. ■

Christina Newman is an associate editor of *Maclean's*.



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